

The Nation.

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The Week.

The sixth week of the war opens with the naval situation reasonably satisfactory. Admiral Cervera's bolt is shot, according to the best intelligence, and the long period of uncertainty in which he has kept our military authorities is ended with the definite knowledge that he is safely held in Santiago by Schley. If we may believe the reports about the condition of the Spanish fleet which come from Curaçoa, Cervera had very little choice. Raiding our coasts or fighting either of our squadrons was out of the question for a commander whose first duty was to find a port in which to coal and refit. His empty bunkers and depleted larders and ships "gone lame" doubtless determined his choice of Santiago as a harbor of refuge, more than any preconceived and subtle strategy. We take it for granted that our naval authorities, having got their troublesome adversary cooped up, will see to it that he does not escape.

The call for 75,000 additional troops must be taken as a sign that the Government means to push the war to as early a conclusion as possible. Everybody must approve of this. With the *x* of the Spanish fleet now a known quantity, vigorous measures can be planned and executed with confidence. There is no way of making war gently, and the harder the blows delivered, the sooner will the end come. Spain's bitter realization that she can count upon no effective European friendship, and her internal difficulties and distractions, offer at least a reasonable hope that she will not blindly persist in an unequal combat, once her inferiority is clearly demonstrated and her honor saved.

It is to be hoped that the dispatches from Washington in regard to the new call for volunteers are correct when they say that it is primarily intended to fill up the regiments already mustered in before accepting new organizations. The statement is also made that the Adjutant-General's office thinks "the regiments as now constituted are too small for the highest efficiency," as the companies are only eighty-three strong. It would, in fact, be difficult to assign a good reason for giving the volunteer regiments only 1,026 men, while the regular regiments, upon which they are supposed to be modelled, are assigned 1,272 soldiers for their full strength. Even the latter number is far below the size of the regiment which European

experience has taught to be the correct one, for our brigades as now organized at Chickamauga are smaller than the German or French regiment. Every officer of experience knows that there was no greater blunder committed during the civil war than allowing veteran regiments to dwindle to a couple of hundred men and then withdrawing them from the front. In their places were sent new regiments of green men with utterly inexperienced officers, mostly appointed for political reasons. Thus the valuable knowledge of veteran officers was thrown away, and the armies constantly weakened by having to break in raw troops with commanders fresh from civilian duties. An enlargement of the existing regiments to twenty-four hundred men each would be the cheapest and best way of increasing our army and adding to its efficiency. One has only to think how many politicians and place-hunters from Florida to Oregon will cry out at the suggestion of a failure to provide hundreds of officers, in order to realize how great a pressure will be brought to bear upon the War Department and the President to prevent the carrying out of so excellent a military measure.

It has been left for an English Admiral—Admiral Colomb—to point out the important bearing of Dewey's world-resounding feat at Manila upon a leading branch of naval theory. This is the question of a "naval base." We heard no end of this in the Hawaiian debates. Well, the Spaniards had at Manila just the kind of mystic "key" that we were urged to secure at Honolulu. According to certain theorists, their possession of the key made them unassailable. But Dewey, without a particle of reverence for this solemn theory, walked up and plucked the key out of the Spaniard's hand. As Admiral Colomb puts it: "Without the shadow of a base nearer than the other side of the Pacific, the American commander has reduced a squadron to nothing under the guns of its protecting works, and he now lies in Manila Bay making for the time the enemy's base his own." He adds that this operation used to be recognized in the British signal code, one old order reading, "Take up the enemy's anchorage which they have just left." The Admiral says that this signal was stricken out of the code by his own hand, and that he "never thought to see its wisdom illustrated by our cousins in practically performing the identical evolution." These considerations do not tell the whole story, of course, but they are well worth bearing in mind in connection with the general talk about needing naval bases all over the world for our enlarged navy. Dewey has shown con-

clusively that a naval base without a superior fleet to defend it may become simply a burying-ground for war-ships.

The Senate committee on finance has decided to accept no amendments to the war-revenue bill which are not germane to the measure. This disposes of Mr. Lodge's attempt to make the annexation of Hawaii a condition of the Government's getting the money which is needed to prosecute the war. Even before the committee took this action, the Massachusetts Senator had discovered that he had made a sad blunder, and was trying to devise excuses for his performance. He gave out that his annexation "rider" was not intended for obstruction, nor was it introduced with any hope that it would be adopted, but merely that it might "give the champions of the annexation project the chance they have long sought to attract the attention of the country to the arguments in favor of annexing Hawaii, and to do some debating" on the subject. The only comment needed upon this explanation is made by the Philadelphia *Ledger* when it says:

"The excuse is worse than the offence. How can the amendment be debated without causing delay, and how can it present the cause of annexation without debate? If Senator Lodge does not wish his sanity to be questioned, as well as his patriotism, he will revise the explanations his friends make for his extraordinary conduct in this affair."

Much of the discussion that the pending bill to raise revenue for the expenses of the war has received in the Senate has been altogether beside the mark. Senator Stewart and Senator Allen have, of course, illustrated the evils of monopoly by talking incoherently and excessively about things in general and silver in particular, while other Senators have discussed the issue of bonds and greenbacks in such a manner as to make it doubtful whether they are really ignorant of the elementary principles of finance, or are only trying to please benighted constituents. On the other hand, a number of Senators have engaged in the debate in the spirit in which such debates should be carried on. They have regarded the question before the Senate as relating to the manner in which taxation should be imposed with the best fiscal results and with the least inconvenience to the people, and have not considered it wise to adopt measures of doubtful policy and constitutionality at a time when money is wanted immediately to pay the cost of war. The result of this calm and statesmanlike discussion is apparent in the decisive vote by which the proposed tax of one-quarter of 1 per cent. on the gross receipts of corporations was rejected.

Mr. Allen, the Populist Senator from Nebraska, said in the debate last week on the war-revenue bill: "We shall be guilty of cowardice, inexcusable cowardice, if we transmit to another generation an enormous debt. The people desire to pay as they go, if possible, and it is easily possible to do so now." The question arises, What is meant by transmitting a debt to another generation? The usual term of a generation is thirty-three years. The civil war left us with a bonded debt of \$2,381,000,000, of which about \$800,000,000 was extra and unnecessary cost due to the use of irredeemable paper money. It was all paid off and extinguished except \$650,000,000 within twenty-five years. The whole would have been paid within the period of that generation but for unnecessary changes in our revenue laws, and the introduction of "blatherskite," like that of Senator Allen, into our financial system. Not a dollar of the great civil-war debt would have been transmitted to the next generation if things had been allowed to take their natural course, and if free coinage of silver had not been forced like a hell-broth to boil and bubble in our national politics. Now Mr. Allen (and he is only parroting the lingo of the Democratic caucus) deprecates the transmission of the present war debt to the next generation. It is true that the end of the present war is not yet in sight. It may possibly last two years, but the scale of expenditure must be much less than that of the civil-war period. It is safe to say that five years, under any respectable system of finance, would suffice to wipe out all the debt that the war can bring, and also much of that which existed before. Pile on the taxes. There is no objection to that. The nearer you can come to the policy of "pay as you go," the better. What we insist upon is that the Treasury shall be provided with the means of paying as it goes—of meeting its demand obligations as they arise, and not be driven to a suspension of specie payments before the new taxes become productive.

The present talk about an alliance with Great Britain grows out of two things, viz., our war with Spain and the recent seizure of Chinese ports by Germany and Russia. Do either or both of these events furnish a reason for an alliance in the technical sense with Great Britain? We see no such reason. Surely we do not need the assistance of anybody in a war with Spain. We have nearly five times the population of Spain and ten times the wealth, and although it may take us longer to get ready for war than we had anticipated, we should be ashamed to admit that we needed help from any other nation. As regards the Philippine Islands, we shall be better off without them than with them as a permanent possession. Hence

we need no help from Great Britain in that quarter in any event. As regards the Chinese ports, the policy of the Powers which have secured a lodgment on the coast is not yet fully developed, and it would be the extreme of folly for us to assume that it is inimical to us before that fact is assured; and even if it were so, it is by no means evident that it would be wise for Great Britain or the United States to make their attitude a *casus belli*. Indeed, if an alliance of the kind proposed were likely to drag us into a war on the other side of the Pacific Ocean, that would be the best possible reason for abstaining from it. Moreover, the union of hearts would accomplish all that a union of hands could do in this quarter as elsewhere.

The "Anglo-American alliance" is made the subject of some adverse criticism by Mr. Goldwin Smith. According to the newspaper report, he comments on the fact that while there are some sixty millions of Anglo-Saxons in the United Kingdom and the United States, there are as many Celts, Germans, Jews, negroes, and other people of miscellaneous origin having much diversity of ideas and tendencies. It may be urged in reply to this that the unifying influence of institutions and language is more powerful than these disintegrating forces, but it is not so easy to answer Mr. Smith's question as to what would be the commercial basis of an alliance between protectionist-United States and free-trade Britain. So, too, the nature of our government is unfavorable to foreign alliances. With our system of Presidential elections there can be little continuity of policy, or at least little dependence could be placed by a foreign Power on much continuity. Such a Power as Great Britain could not change her policy to suit the mutations of American politics, and in Mr. Smith's opinion the talk of an Anglo-American alliance by Mr. Chamberlain will come to no more than his talk about imperial federation—a theme which has been under discussion for thirty years without gaining much ground.

Even the Morgans and the Lodges have felt constrained to suspend abuse of England, in view of the present popularity of harmonious relations with the British nation. But it seems to be necessary that we should have some foreign country for our statesmen to "pitch into," and Japan has succeeded to the place so long occupied by England. As it is both ridiculous and impolitic to charge the British Government with a purpose to seize Hawaii if we do not, the accusation is now brought against Japan. When the Senate committee on foreign relations made its report favoring the passage of the bill for annexation, the asserted desire of the Japanese

to seize and annex Hawaii was made part of the argument, and language was used that looked as if there were an American desire to affront Japan. The House committee on foreign affairs has also made a report in which a similar tone of offence towards Japan is employed, apparently in order to provoke a desire to take for the United States something which is alleged to be desired by Japan. In both reports the declaration is explicitly made that, unless the United States annex Hawaii at once, Japan will gain control of the islands by encouraging a constant inflow of Japanese subjects trained as soldiers and assured of Government support. It is further asserted that Hawaii prevented the colonization of the islands by Japan only by refusing to permit more of her subjects to come to Hawaii as agricultural laborers.

These extraordinary accusations against a friendly nation have called forth a forcible reply from Japan. The charge that Japan contemplates the seizure of the islands, or their colonization with a view to securing overwhelming influence, is denied. All that Japan has done is to complain, as it has a perfect right to do, that treaty stipulations with Hawaii regarding the importation of agricultural laborers have been violated by the Government of the islands, and to insist that it has a claim against Hawaii for damages, which it trusts will be attended to by the United States in case of annexation. It is admitted that the question of annexation is one which concerns only the United States and Hawaii, and it is declared that the only immediate interest which the Japanese Government has in the question whether annexation shall take place now or at some future date, is connected with her claims against Hawaii. The statement of Japan's position closes with this cutting but justifiable appeal for fair play:

"Apart from this, Japan's attitude is one of friendly concern merely, and both her Government and her people await the result without apprehension that it will bring with it any disagreeable consequences for them. This being so—and impartial investigation will prove that it is so—it would seem to be no more than simple justice that Japan's name should be omitted from the discussion of annexation, or, if it must be used, that its mention should not be coupled with an imputation of bad faith and double dealing."

The speech of Gen. Woodford at the reception given to him in Brooklyn on Thursday evening was in excellent taste, furnishing a marked contrast to outgivings of his predecessor in office when he returned from Madrid. Gen. Woodford said not a harsh word about the government to which he was accredited. He said nothing which could make him *persona non grata* at the Spanish court after a cessation of hostilities. He is still our Minister to Spain, although circum-

stances have interrupted the exercise of his functions. It is to be hoped that he may have the opportunity to return to his post, in which event he will have the respect of the European as well as of the American public. This he has earned by his untiring efforts to preserve peace while peace was possible, and also by refraining from using any words which might unnecessarily prolong the war. He said that he considered it desirable that Cuba should be free. He did not say that he considered it desirable that Spain should be humiliated or harmed in other respects. In refraining from the use of harsh language he made himself the type of the best support that the President now has in prosecuting the war. His allusion to the union of the North and the South as an incident of the present war was very happy, coming as it did from one who had borne arms in the civil war.

The first reciprocity agreement under the terms of the Dingley bill was concluded in Washington on Monday between the United States and France. As an evidence of general friendliness, and as a movement, even a trifling one, in the direction of saner customs taxation, the agreement is to be welcomed; but its practical effect cannot be great. The truth is, both countries had put up their taxes on each other's products to an enormous figure. After eight months of chaffering they have agreed to knock off a certain per cent. from the provisional duties, though the rates remain outrageously high. American lard, for example, is to pay \$5 the 220 pounds, and pork \$10. Canned meats will get off with \$3 the hundred kilos. Fruits and woods will be taxed at varying rates, which seem low only in comparison with the dizzy figures of the maximum tariff from which they had been suffering. In return, France is to have her brandy admitted at \$1.75 the gallon instead of \$2.25, still wines at 35 cents instead of 40 and 50, and paintings and statuary at 15 per cent. ad valorem instead of 20. This art tax, after the experiment with free art in the Wilson bill, was a distinct return to barbarism. For the sake of reciprocity and to oblige France we now consent to cut off one-quarter of it, posing gracefully as three-quarters barbarian. We still cling to moccasins and blanket, and chew betelnuts as before, but proudly point to the fact that we have washed the vermilion off our faces. But the process of cleaning up and civilizing is a dangerous one for savages to enter upon, and if this French beginning is followed up, we may yet see the Dingleyites arrayed in full Parisian garb.

Mr. Wanamaker has concluded his canvass against the control of the Republican State convention in Pennsyl-

vania this week by Quay. He has delivered sixty-seven speeches, and they have been really sixty-seven speeches—not the same speech given sixty-seven times. They have constituted the most remarkable revelation of machine methods ever known in the history of our politics. Most indictments of bosses have been framed by Independents, who had never known anything by experience of the inside management of parties, and who consequently were open to the charge of talking about things regarding which they were not informed. But Mr. Wanamaker was no Mugwump; on the contrary, he boasted at the outset that he had never “scratched” the Republican ticket during all this long period when the Quay despotism was built up and corruption became the rule of the State. Nor was he a “doctrinaire,” coming out of his closet with mere theories. On the contrary, he had long been the most liberal contributor to Republican campaign funds in Pennsylvania, and everybody understood that he “knew what he was talking about.” Mr. Wanamaker's canvass will not have been fruitless if the boss shall have his way in the convention. The exposures of Quay rule which the ex-Postmaster-General has made must render impossible the election of any man who is the mere tool of the Senator, and swell to great dimensions the vote for the Rev. Dr. Swallow, the “honest-government” candidate. All that Dr. Swallow needs to establish the severest charges which he brings against Quay is to quote the proofs already submitted by Mr. Wanamaker.

It is extremely edifying to learn from Platt, Tracy and Company that the complete control of the police force by Tammany puts the election this year and also the Presidential election of 1900 in the hands of Croker. Was not this pointed out last year as one of the consequences of running Tracy for the mayoralty? Was it not pointed out before that time, when the new charter was under consideration, as one of the consequences of consolidation? Over and over again, not only in the newspapers, but even in the Platt Legislature by Platt men, it was predicted that the creation of a Greater New York meant the creation of a great Tammany city, with enormous patronage, and with supreme power over election machinery, till after the next Presidential election. But Platt and Tracy refused to pay any heed to these warnings, for reasons of their own. They would not consent last year to have the new city put into the hands of honest men till after the Presidential election. Why? Because they thought they could get more for the “organization” from Tammany than they could from Seth Low. They are reaping what they themselves sowed; and the more noise they make about it, the

more clearly will they make it appear that they are among the worst enemies the city has ever had.

The action of the Presbyterian General Assembly in the McGiffert heresy case goes far to confirm the view of those who held that the denomination was so exhausted by the Briggs trial that it would be long before another like it would be seen. With a calm renunciation of the duty of enforcing discipline, the Assembly turns over the whole matter to Prof. McGiffert, begging him, if he cannot “reconsider” his views (recant, they used to call it), to withdraw from the church in peace. This is very likely not the end of the affair, but it is sufficiently remarkable as it stands. The Assembly seems tacitly to have acquiesced in the bold utterances of a Western Presbyterian clergyman of prominence, who lately declared that it was impossible for the denomination to expel men for holding opinions like those of Prof. Briggs. The implication is that there are too many of them in the Presbyterian Church to make their trial for heresy expedient while other churches stand ready to welcome them with open arms. As for Prof. McGiffert, he had before announced that his opinions had been maturely formed, and that he would not go out unless put out.

It is almost a year since the war between Greece and Turkey, but the Turkish troops are only now beginning to evacuate Thessaly. The delay has been due to the difficulties attending the Greek loan to pay off the Turkish indemnity. By the treaty of peace, evacuation was to begin one month after the loan was issued. Under the circumstances, this loan had to have an international guarantee, and the obstacles in the way of getting the Powers to act in harmony on any subject were doubled when the subject was a financial one. England offered to float the whole loan in the open London market, but this did not suit Russia and France at all. Their citizens must have a share of the pickings. The bonds must be allotted between the three countries, and subscriptions made on a fixed basis. This brought up the troublesome question of exchange, and the Russians and French insisted upon a certain arbitrary rate, slightly different from the actual quotations in Paris and St. Petersburg. After some expostulation and grumbling, England conceded this, with the result that London bankers have had to pay an appreciable per cent. more for their Greek securities than did their French and Russian confrères. But the Turks are actually picking up their traps and leaving Thessaly, and this is a relief well worth purchasing at a slight discrimination against London, so Mr. Curzon and Sir Michael Hicks-Beach say.

AGGRANDIZEMENT OR HONOR.

There are many signs that the policy of retaining whatever territory we may occupy in the war with Spain will soon become a political issue. Such a policy has been, of course, advocated from the beginning by a certain element, but the mere fact that it has been supported by a number of newspapers and Congressmen is not in itself alarming. What is significant is that speakers and writers who a few weeks ago dwelt on the purity and unselfishness of our motives in attacking Spain, and repudiated all thought of grasping the possessions of a weaker people for our own use, are now silent upon these aspects of the case. They now begin to consider how we can administer the government of the Philippine Islands, and intimate that Porto Rico would serve as security for the payment of an indemnity by the Spaniards. It is reported from Washington that the authorities now feel that the Cubans have so little capacity for self-government as to make it necessary for our forces to occupy their island for a considerable period. One correspondent declares that the belief is becoming prevalent that the inhabitants of the Spanish islands that will fall into our hands will not be able to maintain governments of their own "in less than a generation." It is hardly necessary to say that the retention of conquests for a generation is not likely to be followed by their abandonment.

But while it may be easier to hold on to what we conquer than to let it go, and while the pressure in favor of this course will be tremendous, if we are to regard our honor we have no choice in the matter. The very best and soundest elements in the country were brought to the support of the war wholly through appeals to their humanity. They came to believe, many of them very reluctantly, that to expel the Spaniards from Cuba was an act of mercy, and was a sacred duty imposed upon us by Providence. They felt, as the God-fearing people of the Northern States felt concerning the negroes during the civil war, that the Almighty commanded the liberation of an oppressed people even at the cost of bloodshed, and the suggestion that a profit was to be made out of the transaction would have seemed to them little short of blasphemy. The Southerners felt in 1861, as the Spaniards do now, that the war was an attempt to take away their property, but that result was in the eyes of the people of the North purely incidental. Unless the clergy and other representatives of the most upright public opinion throughout the land have been outrageously insincere in their recent utterances, the expectation of turning the Spanish revenues into our own pockets did not so much as occur to them. Nor is it too much to say that had it not been for the attitude of this element in the community, the

sensational press would hardly have been able to hurry the Government into premature hostilities. In that sense the religious people of the country are largely responsible for the conduct of the war. Their consent made the war possible, and they are entitled to insist that it shall be carried on for the righteous ends for which it was declared.

To the attainment of these lofty and unselfish ends, and these alone, we are most overwhelmingly committed. The President declared in his message last December, in words that have the clear ring of sincerity, that forcible annexation was not to be thought of; that by our code of morality it would be criminal aggression. The joint resolution of Congress was adopted with practical unanimity, and it is worth while to repeat the words of its explicit disclaimer:

"The United States hereby disclaims any disposition or intention to exercise sovereignty, jurisdiction, or control over said island, except for the pacification thereof, and asserts its determination, when that is accomplished, to leave the government and control of the island to its people."

It is true that this self-denying ordinance does not constitute a rule of international law. We are at war with Spain, and no other Power has any legal right to call us to account for the disposition which we may make of conquered territory. But it was a voluntary proclamation to the nations of the world that our motives in engaging in the war were unselfish. If we proceed to appropriate the Spanish possessions, we shall have lied to humanity. We were not required to assert the disinterested character of our motives, but, having done so, honor commands that they shall remain disinterested. It will be idle to maintain that changed circumstances have relieved us of a moral obligation. He that sweareth to his own hurt and changeth can make no claim to honor; nor in fact have the circumstances changed. The course of the war has been just such as was foretold by intelligent observers, and the character of the inhabitants of the Spanish colonies has in no respect been altered. Doubtless many foreign spectators cynically predict annexation by the United States. That is because they believed we were lying when we declared that nothing was further from our intention. Shall we confess that they were right in this belief?

But it is the people of this country who supported the war on purely humanitarian grounds that should most indignantly protest against its being made a war of conquest. They are in the position of men who have set forth on what was advertised as a life-saving enterprise, and suddenly find that a number of their companions are determined to convert it into a piratical voyage. It is high time for these people to awake to the responsibility which they have assumed. They have let the fire be kindled,

and it is theirs to see that it does not spread. If they can hold the Government to its professions, we shall in a novel and glorious way secure peace with honor. For a nation to keep its pledged faith may not seem anything to boast of, but in this case it will be, as things go in this world, a splendid achievement. Few more honorable deeds will have been recorded in history. But if we break our faith, shame and dishonor are inevitable. No professions that we may hereafter make, however solemn, will be listened to except with contemptuous incredulity. If there ever is a time to prove that righteousness exalteth a nation, it is now. If territorial aggrandizement ever involves national dishonor, it is when such professions as we have made are repudiated.

THE NEW GREENBACK DIVERSION.

A correspondent writing to us from Burlington, Iowa, draws attention to the recent speech of Senator Turpie on the war-revenue bill. Our correspondent is a Democrat, but he does not approve of Mr. Turpie's position on the currency question, which is that of a Greenbacker, pure and simple. "The proposed issue of legal-tender notes," said Mr. Turpie, "is itself alone, of all means of borrowing, the most patriotic and the least expensive to the taxpayer. It is a loan, a voluntary loan, without interest, by the people to the Government, of \$150,000,000 during the next fiscal year, for an indefinite period, determinable by the incident of redemption or retirement."

There is perhaps more "politics" in this speech than appears upon the surface. It was made very plain by the movements of Mr. Bland in the House that the leaders of the Democratic party are planning a change of the financial issue from silver to greenbacks. There is evidence also, to a discerning eye, that if silver cuts any considerable figure in the next national platform of the party, it will not be in the rigid form of unlimited coinage at 16 to 1, but rather in the shape of bimetallism at some indeterminate ratio—that is, if the leaders of the party in Congress can control the convention. They want to make a platform upon which all Democrats in New York, and in the East generally, can unite, and they know that this can never be done on the platform of 16 to 1. It is necessary, however, to hold together the great army of opponents of Trusts and monopolies, who voted for Bryan and free silver because they considered them the most nauseous possible dose to the "money power." What is more likely to satisfy these people than a proposal to issue greenbacks to pay the expenses of the present war? Coupling this with a proposal to "coin the seigniorage" gives the color of silver to the whole scheme, and the color is all that is necessary for popular consumption. But, in fact, coin-

ing the seigniorage is only another name for issuing greenbacks. It bears no more resemblance to free coinage of silver than it does to three-card monte. To discerning minds, however, greenbacks are to be preferred because they are redeemable at 100 cents to the dollar, while silver, under the terms of free coinage, is redeemable only in itself, which may be fifty cents per dollar, more or less.

Senator Turpie's speech in favor of greenbacks as a method of financing the present war is perhaps a part of the scheme to reunite the Democrats in the next Presidential campaign by modifying the silver issue and laying Mr. Bryan on the shelf. The question whether the party will accept greenbacks in place of silver, and whether the Gold Democrats will come back to their allegiance when the platform of 16 to 1 is abandoned, is, however, more than doubtful. The questions presented are extremely subtle. The proposition to issue greenbacks for war expenses is not coupled with any suggestion that specie payments be suspended. Nor is it accompanied by any means for maintaining redemption. The tendency of fresh issues of greenbacks to cause a suspension is obvious, but the law requires that redemption in gold shall continue, and nobody has been bold enough to propose a change of policy in that regard. The present Secretary of the Treasury has the same power to replenish his coffers that Secretary Carlisle exercised. The coin-purchase act is still in full force. Nobody has proposed to repeal it, and we may be sure that Secretary Gage will exercise his powers under it if other measures shall fail. That act is not the best possible means of administering the finances of a war. It is awkward, roundabout, and expensive. It tends to produce temporary panics, and it causes the Government to pay higher rates of interest than are necessary. Congressmen who are making plans for a political campaign are indifferent whether the Government pays 3 per cent. or 5 or 10. What concerns them is not the rate of interest actually paid, but the rate apparently paid. If it can be made to appear that greenbacks are a cheap method of carrying on the war, because they draw no interest, and if the operation by which the Treasury redeems them can either be obscured, or treated as reprehensible (as was the case during the Cleveland administration), then the fact that they are the most expensive means of obtaining money either in peace or war will give the Democratic politicians no concern.

Senator Turpie's plan received a severe rebuff from Senator Lindsay of Kentucky, who made it sufficiently plain that the Gold Democrats are not to be attracted to one scheme of depreciated currency by the withdrawal of another. He showed that the greenback currency issued during the civil war was the most

expensive form of debt incurred by the Government, since it led to an inflation of prices by which the cost of the war was swollen unnecessarily by hundreds of millions of dollars. He showed that the issue of new greenbacks would be a temptation to speculators to "raid the Treasury," which they would avail themselves of as long as the fresh supplies lasted, or until the Government was compelled to suspend. Asked by Senator Tillman what would happen if the war should continue two or three years and if European Powers should become engaged in it, he replied:

"The war will not go on for two or three years, unless we break down our credit at the outset of the war, and that I am opposed to doing. We shall sell bonds and get money for them. Our credit will be as good as gold, and we shall pay our debts in gold, and at the end of the war we shall have conducted it on the very cheapest possible basis. We may become involved with continental Powers, and the time may come when we cannot go further on a coin basis, either gold or silver, and when we shall be compelled to come to the issue of greenbacks. When that time comes we shall do it. Whatever necessity demands will be done. It will be done without complaint. And those who are alive at the end of the war will be charged up with the debt. But we cannot promote that state of affairs. We cannot discredit ourselves at the very outset by resorting to a currency which is in the nature of a forced loan by issuing notes payable on demand, and putting no money in the Treasury to pay them when demanded.

Senator Lindsay here gave admirable expression to the views of the Gold Democrats and of the great body of Independents who cast their votes for McKinley in the last campaign. They are not to be seduced from the principles of sound money by a mere change from free coinage of silver to free issues of greenbacks, with undefined and haphazard means of redemption.

THE FARMER AND THE WHEAT CROP.

During the four or five weeks ending with the month of June, this country's commercial fortunes for the coming season are staked very largely on the weather in the wheat-belt. As a general rule, at least two-thirds of the annual wheat production of the United States consists in the so-called "winter crop," which is planted in the Middle and Southern grain-producing States during the autumn, and is harvested, ordinarily, about the close of June.

It is hardly essential to point out the enormous influence which will be exerted, in many directions, according as the crop of 1898 is great or small. It is only necessary to recall the profound influence which the grain market situation of 1897 and 1896 has already had on our interior trade and foreign commerce. The still more remarkable episode of 1879 and 1880 is another proof that like causes may be relied upon to produce like results. That the extraordinarily urgent export demand for wheat—which in the past ten months has drawn from our home supplies fifty million bushels

more than were taken in the same period a year ago—will be repeated for another season, is hardly to be expected. It was made possible this season only by the remarkable coincidence of drought in India and Australia, wholesale destruction by insect pests in Argentina, a wet harvest in France, and an actual inundation of the wheat-fields of Austria and Hungary, almost at the moment when the grain was ready for the sickle. But although actual famine conditions need not be again expected, there is good reason to look for a steady export market at prices highly remunerative to the farmer. This was the experience of 1880, after the famous European harvest failure of the year before. The grain-growing world produced in 1880 at least 200,000,000 bushels more of wheat than it had produced in 1879, and of this increase 49,000,000 bushels was contributed through an increased yield in the United States. Yet the average American price for wheat in 1880 was only moderately below the average of the year preceding, and the total exports from our 1880 crop actually increased several million bushels.

Recent estimates of the condition and acreage of the growing wheat crop have been extremely favorable. That the area planted should have been greatly increased, when the winter wheat was sown with the market price at a dollar a bushel, and the spring wheat during a market range of \$1.25, is certainly not surprising. The Agricultural Department's recent estimate of planted acreage is interpreted by the experts to mean a total increase in the area of no less than 10 per cent. The high prices of 1879 were followed by an increase, on the Government's estimate, of 14 per cent. in the acreage of the ensuing year, so that this preliminary estimate for 1898 is at all events not excessive. The further reckoning of the optimists that, with present conditions maintained up to the harvest, a total American crop might be expected of 700,000,000 bushels, against an estimated 580,000,000 in 1897 and the maximum of 680,000,000 (commercial estimate) in 1891, is interesting, though hardly yet a matter on which to base positive expectations. The season's weather conditions are yet to be defined. But the essential point is that the situation is such as probably to warrant confidence in a profitable market even for a heavy crop—something which our farmers failed to witness in the long and trying period from 1889 to 1897.

With such possibilities in mind, it is natural that the calling of grain-production should at present be discussed in a very different tone from that to which we have recently been accustomed. Nothing would convince the farmer and his advocates in legislation, during the time when all the world was raising wheat and was fortunate in its harvests, that

the low price of his staple was not due to other than agricultural causes. He linked the decline in wheat with the decline in silver, and shut his eyes resolutely even to market movements in which the price of the metal and the price of the cereal moved in exactly opposite directions. In particular, he declared—and in this argument there was more plausibility than in any other—that the population of the grain-consuming world was growing rapidly, and that, therefore, demand for wheat must have increased so far as to prevent a decline in price unless under other economic causes.

The experience of the past year is of the utmost value in disposing of this argument. Of course, the grain-consuming population of the world has been continuously increasing; but so also has the annual food product of the world. It is quite impossible that both should increase in equal ratio, nor indeed is it possible to determine with any close approach to accuracy the ratio in which either is increasing. But there is one test which, when applied with reasonable caution, is infallible. The wheat trade keeps itself well advised of the amount of grain in storehouse at the principal markets of the world. If these unsold supplies increase with great rapidity, at a time when every grain-producer and grain-dealer is trying to force a market, the conclusion may safely be reached that the year's output of wheat has exceeded the needs of the year's consumers. When this happens, new consumers must be sought at a lower range of prices, and this is exactly what occurred between April, 1892, and April, 1894, when the world's "visible supply" of wheat, already much above the average, increased no less than forty million bushels. The price of wheat on the American farm fell to 49 cents a bushel, and the planted area of wheat was reduced throughout the world. But on top of this reduction in the acreage came two seasons of disastrous harvest weather. The stock of wheat in granary at the world's open markets, by the same trade estimates, has fallen no less than 83,000,000 bushels between the spring of 1894 and the spring of 1898. In short, the world's grain product, which beyond any reasonable question had been increasing, up to 1895, far more rapidly than the increase in bread-eating population, has now decreased sufficiently to allow the equilibrium to be more than restored.

The periodical hardship and discontent of the average farmer, from which for a season he has now emerged, may, in our judgment, be directly traced to two peculiarities in his habit of managing and forecasting his business. He is very apt to consider his own country as the only market which fixes the price for his crop of wheat; therefore, he often does not perceive that an exceptionally

heavy foreign crop, competing with ours in the export market, works surely in the direction of lower prices, whatever be the domestic crop conditions. In the second place, he has usually no other disposition to make of the profits of a season of high prices than to buy more land and plant more grain. But with upwards of four million separate farms in the United States, it may be readily imagined what results might be expected if the entire body of men engaged in such an industry were to engage even moderately in a policy of expansion. The result is apt to be not only that the average price of the farmer's product falls abruptly in the next few years, but that he has nothing to show for his earnings of the profitable year except some increased acreage which he thinks he is farming at a loss.

These tendencies are so deeply rooted in the agricultural mind, not only here but throughout the world, and not only now but throughout the history of farming, that it would be too much to hope that a more intelligent system might prevail. The American farmer is, however, now for the most part out of debt; he and his creditors both learned the lesson of farm extension on 8 per cent. mortgages, and in that regard, at any rate, both will be wiser in the future. As for the actual results of 1897 and 1898, the wheat-farmer has probably done the most profitable business of any industry in the country. In his way, he is rich, and for the present rich in money. As the official returns have clearly proved, he is making liberal use even of the detested bank-deposit system. We can see very little opening, in such a situation, for Mr. Bryan or Senator Allen.

WAR AS A LITERARY STIMULUS.

The effect of the war upon the publishing business has been much discussed, though with no conspicuous agreement as to what the facts are, much less their explanation. If the book trade is alleged to be dull, the rejoinder is made that it is always dull at this time of year. About mere degrees of dullness it is impossible to debate entertainingly. Behind this question of printing and selling books is the question of producing and reading them. How does the war affect writers? How does it influence readers?

Here again the trumpet of the literary periodicals gives forth an uncertain sound. The *Library Journal* reports an immediate and general effect of the war upon the patronage of libraries. One librarian writes that his April circulation was the lowest ever recorded—"people are so busy reading 'extras' they have no time for books." Another reports: "The war is killing library circulation—we cannot begin to supply the demand for books on Spain and Cuba, and people simply won't have anything else."

But the London *Academy* contends that, while "war multiplies newspaper readers," it "does not subtract from book readers." Newspapers are bought, but are quickly thrown aside. Are books found strewn over the floors of trains? The fair inference is, the *Academy* gives us to understand, that books are not displaced by newspapers even in the excitement of war news.

The reader makes the publisher, but it is the writer who makes the reader. Is war a deterrent to literary activity? Sir Walter Besant contends that it is not. He asserts for war as great an "awakening influence" upon the literary character as our war-for-war's-sake party claims for it upon the civic and moral character. His argument appears to be something like this: Literary genius is at its best when aroused; war arouses, therefore war is best for literary genius. To clinch this conclusion with historical illustrations, he points to the fact that it was in the war-vexed years 1793-1814 that Wordsworth, Coleridge, Lamb, Byron, Scott, Landor, and Shelley enriched our literature. In the early thirties, on the contrary, a period of profound peace, English letters were at the lowest ebb. Q. E. D.

The demonstration lacks something of being perfect, however. There is authority as good as Sir Walter's for asserting that genius is most creative in quiet. And the specific arousing effect of war upon Shelley, Wordsworth, and the others is far from being made out. Their age was one in which men were born accustomed to war. England had not known a settled peace for half a century. War had, in fact, taken its place as an expected and natural condition, and thereby must have lost its especial stimulating power, if it ever had any. Moreover, one *ad-hominem* argument remains of which Sir Walter should be the last man to deny the deadly force. Granting that the war made Shelley and Wordsworth great poets, it left them unappreciated, unsold poets. Their works were for years a drug on the market. It might have been worse if there had been no war, but war did not at any rate save them. It cannot be described now as the sure road to literary success. Sir Walter's Authors' Society might have put money in the pockets of Lamb and Coleridge, but war certainly did not. We hope he is not prepared to divide the honors of authorship between war and his Society.

The simple truth about this whole subject appears to be that we must discriminate between one war and another. It cannot be denied that war has been in the past, and may be again, a means of stirring the national consciousness, and of stimulating men to all kinds of high and heroic activities, literary activities among them. A war of defence, a war of liberation, may well bring Tyrtæan

strains from lyres that otherwise would have been mute. But that a war may also cause the muse, whether of poetry or history, to walk backward with averted gaze, we know in our own history. Perhaps the two literary monuments of the Mexican war which will be longest read are the 'Biglow Papers' and Gen. Grant's Memoirs; in the former a poet wrote as a spectator what in the latter a soldier wrote as an actor, that the war was an unjust act of aggression. No lack of ephemeral self-sure verse and dithyrambic prose was felt at the time of the Mexican war, any more than there is in the present war; but such rockets soon fall to be kicked about the gutters.

That our literary sense may be greatly stimulated before we get through is surely possible. Our poets may mature with the war. But we should not expect the benefit to be confined to one only of the belligerents. Spain has a literary tradition that casts ours into the shade; she has a large body of respectable contemporary writers. They should certainly feel the quickening and fructifying influence of war, if Sir Walter Besant is right. But Señora Emilia Pardo Bazán, speaking for them in the last number of the *Revue des Revues*, says that the war has brought them to a kind of sterile despair. "When a nation finds itself at the edge of a precipice," she writes, "it is forced to withdraw its attention from its writers. Letters require a tranquil spirit." We are bound to believe that the Spaniard, tasting the bitterness of war, is nearer the truth than the Englishman, knowing it only as a spectacle.

WHALEN AND THE CIVIL-SERVICE LAWS.

About a fortnight ago Mr. Croker's wonderful Corporation Counsel assembled himself as a court of last resort to consider the civil-service laws of the State and their bearing upon the municipal Civil-Service Commission. The result of his deliberations was an "opinion" which declared unconstitutional the act passed by the last Legislature so amending the civil-service laws as to require each city of the State to submit its civil-service regulations to the State Civil-Service Commission for approval. The learned Whalen, without a moment's hesitation, set the law aside, and informed the municipal Commissioners that they could go ahead in their own way and fill the city service with good Tammany material without paying the slightest attention to this law's provisions. In doing this he passed upon all existing civil-service laws, the State Constitution, the new city charter, and the intent of the Legislature, with various other incidental points, settling all of them offhand, apparently for all time. "It is my opinion," he declared, "that it is your duty to proceed with the

administration of the matters confided to you as if the statute had not been passed. And, of course, the consequence follows that you have no duties as regards the State board, and need not submit to that body your rules and regulations."

Instead of acquiescing in this "opinion," the Civil-Service Reform Association, through its Secretary, Mr. George McAneny, has sent to the Comptroller an elaborate protest, in which the learned Whalen's contentions are not merely disputed, but completely upset by citations from decisions by the courts. He is, in fact, left without a leg to stand upon, and notice is served upon the Comptroller that if he pays the salaries of city employees who may be appointed in the manner in which Whalen says they may be, any taxpayer can bring an action which will result in the recovery of the money thus paid from the Comptroller personally, or from the sureties of his official bond. The points of Mr. McAneny's communication can be summed up briefly. The law, which Whalen declared to be unconstitutional was passed last spring, and, as we have said, it applies to "each city of the State." In order to get rid of it, Whalen held: (1) That although the statute is drawn in general terms, it contains certain provisions that would have a special or local effect if applied to the city of New York, and that for this reason it must be considered a special act; (2) that, being in part special, and having failed to receive the approval of the Mayor of New York in the manner prescribed by the Constitution, the act, in its entirety, has no application in the city of New York; and (3) that, even though it were constitutional in all its parts, the city would be excluded from its operation for the reason that the charter provisions relating to the civil service form a special statutory system differing radically from the general State system, and are secure from any change by any other method than direct charter amendment. Mr. McAneny takes these points up separately, and with an overwhelming mass of judicial decisions shows that Whalen either did not have the most rudimentary knowledge of his subject, or deliberately ignored the unbroken record of the courts against his contentions. He even shows that a decision which Whalen quoted in his own support is obviously in direct antagonism to his position. In fact, the case is virtually closed against Whalen by Mr. McAneny when he quotes the Constitution's definition of special city (as distinguished from general) laws, "those which relate to a single city, or to less than all the cities of a class."

There has never been any doubt that the act of 1898 was a general law and was also in entire harmony with the State Constitution and with the new charter. Mr. McAneny makes this plain

with a painstaking array of evidence which should have its effect upon even Whalen. He shows that from the outset the regulation of the civil service in New York has been considered a State function; that the new Constitution has a provision which was put into it for the express purpose of securing a general and uniform system of State control; and that the act of 1898 was conceived and made law with the avowed intent of establishing this system. As for Whalen's childish contention that the new law does not apply to this city because it was not submitted to the Mayor for approval, that is, as Mr. McAneny says, "a novel one." It is Whalen's invention, and as such can scarcely outweigh the constitutional provisions on the subject.

In regard to the sections of the new charter, Mr. McAneny shows that these, instead of providing, as Whalen claims, a system "differing sharply in many respects from the State civil-service system," were drawn by the Charter Commission, as its members themselves declared, "on the lines of the present law." The law referred to was that of 1883, or the only general State law in existence at that time. The only subsequent law which was inconsistent with this statute was the Black "starchless" act of 1897, which the new act of 1898 has repealed so far as it applies to cities. The charter provisions did not supersede or antagonize the general law, but supplemented it. One of the most amusing of Whalen's contentions was that the law violated the sacred "home-rule" principle. This is well disposed of by Mr. McAneny as follows:

"At the time the Constitution was adopted, the civil-service rules in every city of the State were subject to the approval of the central State authority, and remained so subject for three years. The framers of the amendments could not possibly have designed a change in this relation. On the other hand, they sought to strengthen and guarantee it. It would be as well to talk of 'home rule' in the conduct of elections, or of primaries, or excise control. The local interests of the city are fully protected. The present act does not, as the Corporation Counsel states, 'remit to the discretion of the State Civil-Service Commission the power of prescribing to the Municipal Civil-Service Commission rules and regulations.' It is for the local authorities still to prescribe, and it is the sole power of the State commission to approve or disapprove. There is an obvious propriety in giving to a commission which has the broad power of investigation conferred by sections 15 and 16 of the act of 1883 this complementary right and duty. Their function in this regard is to secure uniformity and proper compliance with the constitutional and statutory provisions; nothing more."

There is no escape for the Tammany government. It must obey the law, and must consent to have the municipal service regulated and controlled in accordance with the provisions of the law. If the local Croker Civil-Service Commission shall make rules and regulations which the State commission refuses to approve, it will be impossible to put them in operation, for the men appointed under them cannot be paid by the

city. It is hard luck, but it must be borne as patiently as possible. The Boys must grasp the fact that, able as Whalen is in the manufacture of "opinions," he is not the court of last resort, and he is not competent, therefore, to set aside the Constitution and the laws.

AN INTERNATIONAL ART EXHIBITION IN LONDON.

LONDON, May 19, 1898.

The severest blow the Royal Academy has yet received has been given it this spring. The evils of that institution have been proclaimed so often and so loud that one is as tired of hearing about them as about all the numerous other problems found impossible to solve. Various and many have been the endeavors to face and conquer them. There have been the active crusades, agitating for Royal Commissions and Parliamentary interference. There have been the new societies and galleries giving rival exhibitions, from the old Grosvenor, that, for a while, had at least the merit of being amusing, to the New English Art Club, that might work to better purpose were it less intolerant and prejudiced in its standards. The trouble is that, hitherto, if criticism has been plentiful, no practical effort has been made to improve upon Royal Academical methods. When the evils denounced come to be examined, they are found to relate chiefly to the annual exhibition. I do not suppose anybody really cares what the Academy does with the shillings collected at its door, or what social and pecuniary advantages are enjoyed by its members; and, anyway, these are matters which, so far, have been proved to be nobody's business. For, if the Academy is attacked as a private club, it pleads its responsibilities as a public institution; if its public character is impugned, it becomes at once a private society, and so evades its critics. But it is different with the yearly exhibition supposed to be the most important and representative in London, and the way this exhibition is managed has long been a scandal among artists. The best places reserved for the pictures of members no matter what their quality, the rooted objection to anything that savors of style or distinction in the work of outsiders, the rejection or contemptuous treatment of the most distinguished contributions, the honor accorded to mediocrity, the overcrowding of the walls, the atrocious hanging that seems almost deliberate—these are mistakes, you might say, easily avoided. But they characterize regularly every year the exhibition held by the Academy, that loves to cater to the popular dealer in commonplace, to an ignorant public, to publishers of the sentimental anecdote and colored supplement. The result is that most people believe it to be simply an impossibility in a country like England, which, they say complacently, is not artistic, to get together a collection truly representative of modern art. But now, without any preliminary advertisement or "booming," a society has quietly arisen to demonstrate by its first collection submitted to the public that the thing is quite possible even in London. No attack has been made upon the Academy, but the show is the most powerful argument ever brought to bear against it.

The new association is called the "International Society of Sculptors, Painters, and Gravers," and Mr. Whistler is President.

The exhibition is given at the Prince's Skating Club, Knightsbridge, turned into a gallery for an interval, now the skating season is well over. Three large, spacious rooms have been arranged, the walls covered with canvas of a cool, neutral green, canopies screening or tempering the excellent top light, and the pictures, seldom more than two deep, hung with some feeling for symmetry and harmony, not by the perfunctory exhibition purveyor, but by artists for artists, the committee, which is very strong, having had the arrangement entirely in its own hands. Altogether, to enter the gallery seems like stepping into the Salon of the Champ de Mars, the London critics have been saying. But this is not quite true: at the new Salon you are overwhelmed by the size of the exhibition, you are oppressed by numbers. At Knightsbridge there are but three hundred and twenty-seven pictures, and the sculpture, the drawings, and the engravings are in proportion.

That the interest does not depend wholly upon the gallery and the light and the hanging, you see at a glance. In the Academy you must seek out the good work; here you have to hunt for the bad. I do not mean to say that all the three hundred and twenty-seven paintings, all the sculptures, all the drawings, all the engravings, are masterpieces. Art, "reticent of habit," is never so lavish in masterpieces. You would have to ransack the world's great national galleries to produce as many. But there are a few things of supreme importance, while the average is distinctly high, distinctly, interesting. I think it was Baudelaire who used to say that a man without a temperament had no business to paint. In the paintings on the walls, if you cannot always discern a temperament, you are certainly conscious of the desire, the struggle to develop one. To the exhibitor, evidently, art is not the commercial commodity it is to Royal Academicians, but it has for aim the creation of beauty, the expression of personal emotion or feeling, even if the beauty has only been seen through other men's eyes, even if the emotion has been kindled at other men's fires. The original artist does not appear every day, and at Knightsbridge, as in Paris, or Munich, or New York, or anywhere else, there are dozens of students—intelligent and sympathetic, it may be—to the one great master. But to study the right thing in this day of cheap and vulgar ideals means much. Who would not rather have the Whistler-inspired portrait than the proverbial baby and mustard-pot?

It adds immensely to the value of the collection that three or four artists who have had the most influence for good on the present generation should be represented. For this reason, it is only as it should be that two pictures by Manet have been hung. He is no longer living, it is true, but he was one of the earliest of the artists we call modern to take up and carry on the old traditions in the right way, and his painting has been in a large measure the inspiration of modern art. The two shown are not his finest; they have not the stupendous vigor of his "Bon Bock" nor the flower-like beauty of color of his little impression of "Bull-Fighters." But the large "Vagabond Musicians" has its charm as a tribute to the power of Velasquez over a painter usually considered one of the most individual of the century; and never, to my knowledge, has the "Death of Maximilian" been told with such dramatic

force. At the Durand-Ruel gallery in Paris, where I first saw it, the canvas was probably too large for the room, for it seemed brutal, unduly literal in its realism: the fine color, the tragic movement in the figures, the dazzling sunlight on the hillside beyond, the concentration of all these elements into one memorable scene or impression, were lost. Stronger still has been the influence of Mr. Whistler, and here is a wonderful series by him, from the first pictures, the exquisite "Valparaiso—Blue and Gold," the stately "Princesse du Pays de la Porcelaine," the rich, flowing "Piano Picture," the stately "Miss Rose Corder," of the early years, when to laugh at them was to be in the artistic fashion, to the work done to-day, when the critics who laughed must admire if they would escape from ridicule themselves. And very beautiful are these three new canvases: "Gold and Brown," "Blue and Coral," "Grey and Silver." Their titles show that Mr. Whistler still finds in loveliness, in rhythm of color, the true painter's poetry. The "Gold and Brown" is a portrait of himself—an admirable likeness for those who think a likeness of paramount importance in a portrait; elegant, distinguished, a delicious, low-toned harmony, as dignified as the little glimpse we have of Velasquez in his "Lances" or "Maid of Honor." Other contemporary influences are M. Degas and M. Monet, and on the wall opposite this wonderful series are the "Ballet-Dancers" of the one, a characteristic landscape of the other: pictures seen before in London, I believe, but not on that account any the less desirable and significant in the present collection.

I have said enough to explain that the Society is international not merely in name. Nor are the Frenchmen the only foreigners in the ascendancy, though there are besides M. Puvis de Chavannes, M. Besnard, M. Aman-Jean, who will no doubt make a still better showing next year, now they have learned that to send to London exhibitions is not necessarily to have their work rejected with scorn or skied with indifference. But artists of every other nationality have their places. There are the Dutchmen, Mesdag, Van Toroop, with his strange, fascinating mystical enigmas, so Oriental in drawing and sentiment, and, above all, Matthew Maris, whose little "Montmartre" holds you with a spell more potent than that worked by many a larger canvas. The mystery here is all in the evasive, lovely color scheme of the tragic brown landscape, with its sonorous notes of red where the grouped roofs take definite shape in the pervading gloom. It has the poetic elusiveness of all his work, but is not as vague and indefinite as some of his later pictures, in which it seems as if the painter's visions were too dreamy, too incoherent to be recorded in paint. There are also the Germans, Von Uhde and Liebermann, on the one hand; on the other, the secessionists, mystics, idealists, what you will, but, as they are here seen, comprehensible enough in the expression they find for their fancies: Franz Stück, whose serpent-entwined woman is a symbol for "Sin" that a child could understand; Hans Thoma, whose "Adam and Eve" is presented with a child-like straightforwardness borrowed from the Primitives. There are the Scandinavians—Zorn, strong even to coarseness; Thaulow, with his beautiful studies of water in movement and of moonlight, already exhibited at the new Salon. There are

the Italians, Segantini and Fragiaco. There is one Belgian, Fernand Khnopff. And there are the Americans, Mr. Alexander, Mr. Truesdell, Mr. Lungren, and, most conspicuous among them, Miss Cecilia Beaux, whose first appearance in London has been a veritable triumph. Her portraits are a complete revelation to a public that had never yet as much as heard her name.

Whoever knows anything of London exhibitions must realize the stupendous novelty to the Londoner of one that represents so many different men and groups and countries. But to turn to the British artists is to be again confronted with novelty. You look in vain for the popular favorites, for the painters who monopolize the line at the Academy, who are bought by the Chantrey Bequest, who reveal their incompetency or commonplace in the good strong light of the Tate Gallery. It is Glasgow that is the dominating element—Glasgow, disdained at Burlington House, grudging a sufficient space in the other London galleries. The most striking portraits are by Mr. Guthrie, Mr. Lavery, Mr. Walton; the landscapes by Mr. Macgregor, Mr. Patterson, Mr. Stevenson; the decorative arrangements by Mr. Henry and Mr. Hornel. I am afraid I must admit that these Glasgow painters are not altogether fulfilling the promise they gave some years back. They have not progressed. They have not produced the genius who, one confidently expected, must spring from their ranks. Their pictures sometimes degenerate into a mere mosaic, or pattern, without light, without atmosphere. They seem to have seen and felt little for themselves at first hand. But in their work you cannot mistake the artistic effort, the striving after style. Their paintings hung together have invariably a decorative value. They are never discordant. They fill the room with a pleasant suggestion of rich, harmonious color. And who will say that this is no great matter whose eyes have been offended by the trivial anecdotes, the bald statement of fact, the garish hues of the typical English collection?

At the Academy no one thinks of going into the little Black-and-White Gallery. It lies beyond the stairway leading down to the refreshment room, just where it is most convenient to turn one's back upon its open door. But, indeed, there is no reason why one should cross the threshold. There is nothing to see. It is refreshing, then, to find at Knightsbridge a series of drawings and etchings and lithographs and wood-engravings as fine and complete and representative as any ever displayed at the Champ de Mars. It is out of the question to mention all the good work it contains, for there is not an exhibitor in this section who can be ignored. You can study the many remarkable experiments that have been made of late in color lithography and etching. You can enjoy some of the most distinguished illustrators of the day in their original designs.

The sculpture, though but comparatively few examples are exhibited, is as noteworthy. The names of Rodin, St. Gaudens, and MacMonnies are a guarantee of its distinction. And to describe the show in detail has been less my object than to explain what manner of show it is. For herein lies its importance. If the Society can but persevere, if it can but continue as it has begun long enough to break down the barriers of British conservatism, in a few years

the Royal Academy will either have been reformed beyond recognition, or else have ceased to exist as an influence or factor in the development of art in this country.

N. N.

THE DUCHESS OF MONTMORENCY.

PARIS, May 19, 1898.

The name of Marie-Félice des Ursins is intimately connected with Chantilly. When she came to France and became Duchess of Montmorency she resided at Chantilly, which was not yet as sumptuous as it became under the Condés. She liked, when she could leave the court, to remain in the old domain of the Montmorencys; she felt the charm of "its waters, its woods," which are mentioned with solemn emotion in the deed of gift made by the Duke d'Aumale to the French Institute.

She was born in Rome on November 16, 1600. Her recent biographer, M. Monlaur, speaks in glowing terms of the family of Orsini. The daughter of Virginio Orsini (called in France "des Ursins"), Duke of Bracciano, and of Fulvia Peretti, had for godmother Marie de Médicis, and was named Marie for her; the name of Félice was given to her for her uncle, Félice Peretti, who became famous under the name of Sixtus V. Marie de Médicis negotiated the marriage of her godchild with Henri II., Duke of Montmorency, son of the famous Constable. The house of Montmorency was one of the first in the kingdom. Montmorency called himself the "premier baron chrétien." The marriage contract was signed at the Louvre on November 25, 1613, by King Louis XIII., the Queen Regent, and all the Princes of the blood. The marriage by proxy was celebrated in the Pitti palace in December. The bride was only thirteen years old, but she was sent to France, and was met at Avignon by the old Constable. She visited Languedoc with him, and traveled slowly to Paris, where she arrived before her husband. She saw him arrive at the Louvre, from a window where she stood with Louis XIII., who was then ten years old. She could admire him, in the midst of a fine retinue of gentlemen. The marriage took place at the Louvre.

The young Duke of Montmorency was handsome, elegant, witty; contemporaries speak of the sort of adoration which he inspired in all who approached him. He had long locks of fair hair, after the fashion of the time; his features were delicate, he was very slightly cross-eyed—an hereditary trait in the Montmorency family. His father had given him a severe education and prepared him for the life of a soldier. From his infancy he had been destined to the highest offices in the state; he became Grand-Admiral of France, Guyenne, and Gascony in 1612, duke and peer in 1613, Governor of Languedoc in 1614.

The author of the *Life of the Duchess of Montmorency* has found sundry documents in the Convent of the Visitation at Montpellier and in various monasteries at Nevers, at Moulins, at Annecy. The young Duchess spent much of her time in Languedoc, and when she became a widow, she retired to the Monastery of the Visitation, at Moulins, where she remained twenty-four years. Sister Ducros describes her thus:

"God had given to the Princess des Ursins a noble heart, never attached to anything which was not great; a generous heart, so

generous that she would have considered herself happy to lose everything for the glory or the good of what she loved; a chaste and pure heart, superior to all the pleasures of the senses; a tender, faithful, and constant heart, which never allowed itself any variation. She was no sooner united to her amiable husband than she attached herself to him with all the strength and vivacity of her affections; and it may be said with truth that she loved M. de Montmorency with all the love that can be felt in this world, for she never loved any but him."

The same cannot be said of her amiable husband. He was the godson of Henri IV. and had all the habits of the Béarnais. The Constable died in 1614, and his son had to leave for Languedoc; the young Duchess (she was only fourteen) remained alone. She wished to retire to Chantilly, but the Queen kept her at court. Her husband returned occasionally to Paris, but only for a short time, for some court ceremony. Marie-Félice accompanied the Queen to Bordeaux, to attend the marriage of the King with a Spanish Princess; she found there her husband, and was present with him at the exchange of the princesses (Mme. Elisabeth was married to the Infant of Spain, and Anne of Austria was married to Louis XIII.). The return to Spain, with an escort which was a real army, in winter, took as much as five months. A civil war was raging, but the rebels did not attack the Queen's army, saying that it would not do to attack people who were coming from a wedding. "The villages had been so pillaged by the disorderly armies that it was a pitiful sight, says an eye witness."

At Poitiers Madame de Montmorency heard the news of the death of a brother, Cardinal Orsini. Louis XIII. and Anne of Austria made their solemn entry into Paris on the 16th of May, 1616. There Madame de Montmorency learned the news of the death of her father. The Duke de Montmorency remained with her till the month of June, 1617, either in Paris or at Chantilly. He was not among the friends of Concini, a favorite of Marie de Médicis, and when Concini was killed in the court of the Louvre by Vitry, at the instigation of young Louis XIII., Montmorency, on hearing the news, was so overjoyed that he threw his purse to the bearer of the news. He did not, however, win favor with the King's favorite, young Luynes, who had been the mover in the conspiracy against Concini, and he spent most of his time in his government of Languedoc. Not without reason Richelieu afterwards said, "The character of the House of Montmorency is so much impressed on the people there that they consider the name of the King imaginary." Madame de Montmorency made a solemn entry into Montpellier on the 16th of June, 1617, with a brother of hers, Don Cosmo Orsini. (See the "Entrée de Madame de Montmaurensi à Montpellier. Chez Jean Gillet, Imprimeur de roy, 1617.") From this date the Duke placed his wife (she was now nineteen) at the head of the administration of his household; she could choose her officers, fix their duties and receive all their accounts.

In the troubled times of the reign of Louis XIII., Montmorency found himself involved in many difficulties. The favor of Luynes, whom the King had made Duke and Constable, had much discontented him. The young Constable died in 1621, and Montmorency, having taken an honorable part in the campaigns in Languedoc, hoped to obtain the Constable's sword, which his father

had worn so long. After the peace of 1622 (one of the peaces between the Catholics and the Protestants of France which were merely truces), Montmorency and his wife spent some time at Chantilly. They gave there an asylum to the poet Théophile. The pavilion of Sylvia, restored by the Duke d'Aumale, is much visited by those who know the poet and have read his ode, "La Maison de Sylvie." Théophile also composed an ode to the Duke. In all his verse he bestows on the Duchess the name of Sylvia. She was fond of poetry, and Louis XIII. himself wrote verses for her. The fashion of the time was to write portraits, and all Paris having made portraits of the ladies of the court, Louis XIII. reserved for himself the portrait of the Duchess:

"Je vois ta renommée
Semée
Déjà bien loin d'icy,
D'un chacun estimée,
Sage Montmorency."

Note the words "Sage Montmorency."

Montmorency was in command of the fleet during the operations which took place before La Rochelle and the island of Ré; he obtained a victory over Soubise, brother of the Duke de Rohan; he was all the more displeased when Richelieu asked him to abandon the title of High Admiral, which the stern Minister wished to abolish as well as the title of Constable, as he considered those high offices dangerous to the royal power. He took part, as Governor of Languedoc, in the last campaign against Rohan, afterwards conducted the French troops in Italy, and obtained a victory at Avigliana; he fought there most bravely, wounding Prince Doria with his own hand. He took Saluzzo and won another victory at Carignano. After the Italian campaign Montmorency was named Marshal of France. An edict inspired by Richelieu gave new institutions to Languedoc and diminished the authority of the Governor; Montmorency was greatly irritated by this exercise of the Cardinal's power, and allowed himself to be drawn into the intrigues of the numerous enemies of the Minister, among them the King's own brother Gaston and the Queen's mother.

Monsieur made overtures to Montmorency. The Duke would probably never have assumed an attitude of open revolt if he had not been worked upon by the Bishop of Albi, his evil genius, "who dragged him," says Richelieu in his Memoirs, "over the precipice." The Bishop showed him the example of the Duke d'Épernon, who had gained so much by having taken the part of the Queen-mother; he excited him against Richelieu, "the most ungrateful of men"; he represented to him that, in attacking Richelieu, he was defending the permanent interests of the state. Montmorency assembled the States, and at his request they signed a declaration in which they joined his cause; they thus signed their own abdication and the Duke signed his own condemnation.

Did the Duchess incite her husband to an act which was one of high treason? Richelieu's emissary and Richelieu himself thought so, and most historians have adopted D'Hémery's version, including Montmorency's biographer, Du Cros. M. Montlaur has consulted other documents, the manuscript Memoirs of Sister Agnès du Cros (daughter of the biographer), who lived at Moulins with the Duchess after she became a widow; the Memoirs of the Abbé Cadestin, with many other letters and documents, and he rejects the view taken by Richelieu.

Montmorency's revolt made a great commotion in the kingdom. The campaign against him was short; the regiment which Monsieur had promised him did not appear; only a few cities pronounced in his favor. Two armies, under Schomberg and Caumont-Laforce, were sent against him; he fought like a lion at Castelnaudary, receiving eighteen wounds. At the trial which took place at Toulouse, one of the witnesses, a captain in the royal army, declared that, "in the fight at Castelnaudary, seeing a single man charge through seven ranks and still fight at the seventh, he judged that that man could be only M. de Montmorency." The Duke was made prisoner on the battle-field, and was condemned to suffer capital punishment. Gaston's accomplices were beheaded or exiled; several were sent to the galleys; five bishops of Languedoc were deposed; the States were deprived of their prerogatives; all the cities or castles which had participated in the revolt lost their fortifications.

The Duchess of Montmorency was treated as a prisoner, but allowed to choose Moulins as her prison; she was conducted to the castle, and entered into communication with the superior of the Convent of the Visitation. From that time the life of Marie-Félice was entirely devoted to prayer; on the 9th of August, 1634, she entered the Convent of the Visitation, and for twenty-three years led a monastic life, though she remained in communication at times with the outside world. She died at Moulins June 5, 1666. The portrait of her which is found in M. Monlaur's volume, copied from an old picture, represents her standing in the dress of a Sister of the Visitation. One of her hands is placed on a death's-head, beside a crucifix. The features of the face are noble, the expression grave and stern.

The author of this new Life enters into many details regarding the conventual life of Marie-Félice, which have no historical interest, but which many will find entertaining. It is to be regretted that he adopts throughout his work a sort of phraseology very common in purely religious writings of a certain class. His heroine was a woman of noble feelings, of character, capable of passion; he represents her as too subdued, too tame, and one might almost say too ordinary.

Correspondence.

A PRAYER PAUSE.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Apropos of prayers in the churches for the preservation of our armies from the "violence of the enemy," my family feel keenly that there is a *casus omissus* in the collect published by the Bishop of the Protestant Episcopal Church in this diocese to be read by the clergy every Sunday. After praying for the safety of our brethren the soldiers and sailors, there follows this petition, "And to such as may fall in battle or by sickness, of our brethren or of our enemies, do Thou, O Lord, graciously grant the preparation of repentance unto life eternal," etc. We can all join in this very sincerely; but here comes our trouble. In San Juan, just before the bombardment by which several houses were destroyed, and we fear while it continued, was a young Spanish lady, a lovely girl, who has spent many

weeks in our house, and of whom we are all very fond. She was in danger from the cannon of our fleet, for even if the women and children flee into the country, we learn that the townspeople are not regarded with great favor by "patriots" of those parts, who are apt to get excited on such occasions. Now, though I feel sure that our friend, who has many admirers in this country, where she has lived most of her girlhood, has less need of repentance in view of sudden death than some of our brethren who took part in the bombarding, yet all men are sinners, and we should like her to be included in our prayers if God is listening with particular attention on such occasions. Would it be disloyal to ask the clergyman to pause after the word "enemies" long enough to permit my family to add a silent petition, "and also Maria —, who is *not* our enemy, but who is in great danger from the shot and shell of our brethren aforesaid"?

W. W. MONTGOMERY.

RADNOR, PA., May 24, 1898.

ROOTERS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: It may be that many an enthusiastic patron of "the national game" has turned to the 'Century Dictionary' to learn why he should be designated "rooter." The great thesaurus does not, however, furnish the information in a sufficiently clear manner. One must modify notions of orthography and turn to the verb "root," and thence deduce the truth that a "rooter" is a "shouter."

The citations of the 'Century Dictionary' might be augmented by reports of dialectal usage. Thus, *rowt* (*roul*) is "to cry fiercely" (Ray, 'North-Country Words'); *roul* as a noun signifies "noise," and "hoarseness" (Peacock, 'Glossary of Words Used in the Wapentake of Manley and Corringham, Lincolnshire'); *routers* (pl.) are "fits of excitement" (Robinson, 'Glossary of Words Used in the Neighbourhood of Whitby'); and *rooter* is an extravagantly good thing, "a bumper, out-and-outer, stunner, topper, whopper" (Baumann, 'Londonismen').

Prof. Pagley once advised the appointment of a Professor of Rooting; his candidate was skilled in elegant and engaging insincerities of language and of manner (Hall, 'College Words and Customs'), so that it is clear that he had in mind an altogether different variety of action from that implied in our popular noun of agency.

A second digression from the matter in hand is furnished in a pun perpetrated by the author of 'Ginx's Baby,' which is perhaps unique and may be thought worth recollection:

"There is a Repair party, intermeduating between Tories and Reformers—Radicals or Rooters let us call these latter if you like."

JAMES W. BRIGHT.

JOHNS HOPKINS UNIVERSITY.

Notes.

Little, Brown & Co. will soon issue 'Modern Political Institutions,' by Simeon E. Baldwin, of the Supreme Court of Connecticut.

M. F. Mansfield announces 'Three Years in Savage Africa,' by Lionel Decle, with an introduction by Henry M. Stanley; and 'Voices

Academicæ,' by C. Grant Robertson, M.A., Fellow of All Souls, Oxford.

'Types of Literary Art, from Chaucer to Arnold,' an introduction to English Literature, by Andrew J. George, is in the press of Macmillan.

R. H. Russell will hold back till the fall, for the sake of additions, 'The Shadows of the Trees, and Other Poems,' by Robert Burns Wilson. The volume will be adorned with twelve photogravure illustrations from nature by C. Grant La Farge.

Ginn & Co. have nearly ready 'Auszüge aus Luthers Schriften,' edited by Prof. W. H. Carruth, of the University of Kansas.

Mr. George J. Bayles, Ph.D. (Columbia), has begun issuing thin volumes on the Civil Church Law of the several States, leading off with New Jersey. The series aims to provide the clergy, church officers, and trustees with the law defining their duties in a form convenient for reference. Dr. Bayles is his own publisher at No. 111 Fifth Avenue, New York.

From Messrs. Scribner we have received six more volumes of the London Gadshill Edition of Dickens's Novels, viz., 'Little Dorrit,' 'Bleak House,' and 'Barnaby Rudge,' all cared for by Mr. Andrew Lang in introductions and brief notes. In his chat about 'Bleak House' he discusses the novel with a purpose, and the ethics of Harold Skimpole as a portrait of Leigh Hunt. In that about 'Little Dorrit' one remarks a fatal facility on Mr. Lang's part for dropping into a foreign language: only the first and last (half-) pages out of eight are destitute of Latin or French larding. The same publishers add a sixth volume to Carlyle's 'Frederick' in their quite charming Centenary Edition; 'The Bride of Lammermoor' to the Temple Edition of the Waverley Novels; and a sixth volume, of verse, 'The Flying Islands of the Night,' to James Whitcomb Riley's 'Poems and Prose Sketches.'

Mr. Laurence Hutton's 'A Boy I Knew, and Four Dogs' (Harpers) has already had its applauding audience among the readers of *St. Nicholas*. It is frank and humorous autobiography, yet portrays The Boy universal quite as much as The Boy particular. What city boy at least ever escaped, any more than the measles, the "one great superstition—to wit, Cracks," or the effort to avoid stepping on the cracks in the pavement? Taken altogether, these reminiscences have an humble historical value in helping us to imagine the New York of half a century ago; and the numerous portraits of The Boy's connection, dogs included, greatly enhance the interest of the wholesome narrative.

Miss Mary E. Burt, author of 'Literary Landmarks,' has added to the numerous versions of tales of ancient Greece a reading-book for children adapted from a translation of the "third book," or reader, in use in the primary schools of Athens. It is a spirited prose version of the story of 'Odysseus, the Hero of Ithaca' (Scribners), taken from the 'Odyssey' with a certain amount of literalness. The simplicity of the language is suited to children, but we cannot help thinking that Butcher and Lang's admirable translation of the 'Odyssey' would be appreciated quite as easily as Miss Burt's by children who could understand the latter, and the advantage of the former on the score of English is, of course, beyond question. Mr. Howard Pyle's charming full-page illustrations add greatly to the interest of Miss Burt's volume.

Mr. James Ward's 'Historic Ornament'

(Scribners) has been reviewed at length in these columns. There appears now a second series, or volume—that is to say, a book bearing the same title as the former, but with two stars on the title-page and on the cover. The volume now in hand deals with pottery, enamel, ivory-carving, metal-work, textile fabrics, mosaics, glass, and the decoration of books; the whole subject being thus divided into nine chapters. The criticism fitting the former volume is quite applicable to this, namely, that it is in the main a compilation, but on the whole a good one. If a student knew all that is contained in this book, he would know all about the historical aspect of the different decorative arts named above, nor would he be led astray by many false statements. On the other hand, ten pages of writing on these subjects by a man thoroughly versed in the practice of any one of the arts would be of more benefit to the serious student. The book is disfigured by some astonishing pieces of faulty English writing.

The American Architect and Building News Company of Boston has published a small folio of thirty-three plates under the title "The Georgian Period," Being Measured Drawings of Colonial Work. The names of ten architects and architectural draughtsmen are mentioned as the authors, some of whom are well known as skilled interpreters of ancient work. A circular notice laid loosely within the cover explains that "the greater portion of the value and interest of this publication will be found to lie in Part II., now in course of preparation." It is further explained that the second part will contain forty-eight sheets of drawings and a number of gelatine prints. With regard to the number before us there are but two plates, which are devoted to photographs made directly from nature and printed by some permanent process. The other plates are devoted mainly to details drawn in elevation and section, but some freehand drawings of buildings and parts of buildings are included. Among the edifices treated are the Van Rensselaer manor-house at Albany, the Royal mansion at Medford, the Hazard house at Newport, and King's Chapel, Boston. It is evident that this work, when complete, will be a valuable encyclopædia of that curious style of architecture in which the English buildings of the time of George II. and George III. were copied in America, with such modifications as were suggested by the substitution of wood for stone and brick, and the evident demand for great economy of space. As English post-Renaissance architecture is a simpler and cheaper version of the architecture of the Continent, so was American "Old Colonial" architecture an humble and domestic rendering of the English Georgian style.

Messrs. Gay & Bird of London send us 'The Progress of Art in English Church Architecture,' by T. S. Robertson, with illustrations by the author. It deals with churches in an analytic way, beginning with an account of the cruciform plan and its supposed significance, going on with the discussion of orientation and the probable causes of the irregularities or deflections of line shown in some church plans, comparing then the great French cathedrals with those of England, and saying what is just of some of the peculiarities of both nations. The second chapter deals with the crypt, and judiciously, in the few words that could be allowed it. The third chapter, unexpectedly and to the

confusion of the reader, plunges into the subject of the revival of Gothic art, but this is understood by the author in the sense of a revival of interest and study rather than the building of modern Gothic churches. At last, after four preliminary chapters have been completed, the reader finds himself launched, with page 26, into an historical account divided into the familiar old epochs of Norman, Early English, etc., until chapter ix., "Notes on the English Cathedrals," is found to consist of comparatively brief notices in which the modern condition of the building, the restoration from which it has suffered, and its interesting contents and accessories are considered as well as the structure itself. The book is written with a good knowledge of the subject treated and with much enthusiasm and living interest. Judicious words are used about the care of churches and the ruinous treatment which so many have received in the name of restoration; and remarks on the English Gothic revival of 1850 and the following years, and on a possible wiser and more successful Gothic revival, close the work. There is an index, and the whole book will be found to be a general treatise on a large subject kept within narrow limits by dint of severe condensation. The author has known how to say what he thinks most important, and then to drop the subject.

A little book on private houses in America is published by the Doubleday & McClure Co. of New York under the title of 'How to Build a Home: The House Practical,' by Francis C. Moore. It is bound in boards, with a covering in the finest possible veneer of wood, unvarnished and, therefore, likely to soil, but very pretty in its present condition. The first chapter deals with "The Land-Grading," the second with "The Building," the third with the inside of the house, and so on for a series of chapters which are followed by a useful sort of index entitled the "Recapitulation," and by a very brief bibliography of authorities consulted. Plans are given illustrating the chapter entitled "A Practical Example," and these are a partial set of drawings for a "Seaside Cottage"—rather a large one, as it has a dining-room 16x20 feet, a parlor, library, kitchen, laundry, and large hall all on the ground floor, and all of corresponding magnitude. There is a great deal of common sense in the directions given, and the author is strongly impressed, and strongly impresses his readers, with the importance of guarding more perfectly against fire than is commonly done in American houses, whether they are frame-built houses as to their outside walls or not. There are some statements which an engineer would hardly approve, as the surprising one on page 16 which seems to imply that the writer does not believe in diagonal bracing. If any small book would enable a man to build a good house without professional advice, this would probably be the book.

Mr. Charles F. Binn's little book on Ceramics, recently issued by M. F. Mansfield, New York, but evidently English in origin and manufacture, is called 'The Story of the Potter.' It undertakes to give a general account, in eighty small pages, of baked-clay wares since Egyptian antiquity—and it is not unsuccessful. There are many small but clear illustrations, prints from half-tone blocks; and these and the text work well together to tell the long story in a brief and intelligible way. There is no pretence at any unusual amount of independent know-

ledge or original research, and some very queer authorities are cited; but, in the great sea of conjecture as to dates, origins, and causes, these few slips may pass unnoticed. The book would be more useful if the running-title were made to refer to the contents of the pages, instead of being the useless repetition of the general name of the book. It is expensive to set up marginal notes, but the running-title may be in one form of words as well as another; it may, and should, change with the changing subject of the pages. An attempt has been made at arranging the chronology of ceramics from about 3000 B. C., when "earthenware vases appeared in Egyptian hieroglyphics," to 1795 A. D., when "Josiah Wedgwood died." The preface speaks of this as an attempt—as a "nucleus for others to work upon." But even this is a little too much to say of a chronology extending through only four pages and a quarter.

Another book on the arts of baked clay is entitled 'Potters: Their Arts and Crafts,' the authors being John C. L. Sparks, of the South Kensington Museum, and Walter Gandy. The book is published by Thomas Whittaker of New York, but it has been manufactured as well as composed in Great Britain. This is an essay-like composition illustrated by a few not very instructive woodcuts. It is not brought down to the very latest dates, nor can it be called very learned or very scientific in treatment; not that mistakes are numerous, for we have detected few, but because it is written like a magazine article, with more wealth of allusion and anecdote than of accurate description or discrimination of manufactures or styles of decoration.

Mr. Louis N. Wilson, librarian of Clark University, Worcester, Mass., has reprinted by itself his 'Bibliography of Child Study,' first contributed to the *Pedagogical Seminary*. There are 562 direct items, besides about 80 more entries of works of standard reference on allied topics. Mr. Wilson combines the whole in a subject-index.

Mr. Wilberforce Eames, too, librarian of the Lenox Library, has done well to reprint his paper on 'Early New England Catechisms,' which has already appeared in the *Proceedings of the American Antiquarian Society*.

The library of Harvard College puts forth an appeal to its friends, and especially to the graduates of the University, for contributions of all kinds to its collection of documents illustrative of the history of the University. Even amateur photographers are solicited to file their views, duly signed and dated. Mr. William Garrett Brown is in charge of this department.

The latest of the handy American Library Association Annotated Lists is one of French Fiction, chosen by Mme. Sophie Cornu and William Beer, seeking "soundness of sentiment" as carefully as "excellence in style." The list comprises less than 200 titles taken from seventy authors.

A self-correcting but important error crept into the last sentence of the Note in last week's *Nation* (No. 1717, p. 406) regarding the overcrowding of German technical schools. "Whose general preparatory training was sufficient" should have read "insufficient."

—A correspondent writes:

Mr. Matthews will be glad to know, in the interest of the Colonial Society of Massachusetts, that the word *campus* has been dis-

covered as far back as 1848 in the *Nassau Literary Magazine*, vol. 8, p. 139. Had this fact been known to him, he would not have written that the first American book to contain that word was 'College Words and Customs,' 1851. In his lowest deep a lower deep. In regard to Harvard, a high officer there writes: "*Campus* is unknown at Harvard, and it is always regarded as the sign of one unacquainted with Harvard usages if he employ the word to describe what we call the 'college yard.'" On the other hand, Mark Sibley Severance, in 'Hammersmith: his Harvard Days,' p. 23, writes: "On an ancient commencement when these reverend gentlemen had come on horseback, . . . you might have seen them walking sedately in small-clothes, etc., about the open plain skirted by marshes and ox-pastures . . . where is now the *Campus* [Severance was a Harvard graduate of 1869; the italicizing is his, and his book was written before 1877], with its arching elms and well-arranged quadrangle flanked with halls." The earliest appearance of *campus* at Yale and regarding Yale has been lately discovered—probably since Mr. Matthews went abroad—and may be new to him and his Colonial Society. In 1872-3 a column in each number of the *Yale Record*, vol. i., was headed "On the Campus," by James H. Van Buren, one of the editors of that work—and that without any reference to Princeton usage. He felt justified in using it by the old song, "When we first came on this campus" (what is the date of that?), and because he thought he had seen it in English fiction, as 'Tom Brown,' etc.

—The Messrs. Putnam have issued in a square octavo volume of nearly 500 pages a book by the late Rev. William Wood Seymour, entitled 'The Cross: Its Tradition, History, and Art.' The book contains a large number of illustrations drawn from many sources; not generally attractive in appearance, nor of much historical or representative value. There is an index, which is full, and seems to be very nearly complete. As for the book itself, it is one of those curious accumulations of material to which some persons devote themselves through many years, and which, when they are made accessible by arrangement in the text or by a complete index, have at least the value of being suggestive, and of pointing out what kind of information is to be looked for. In the case before us the presence of a bibliography extending over ten pages enables the reader to follow up the study of any branch of the subject. The writer seems to have tried to avoid committing himself as to his belief in this or that doctrine of the many which have been attached to the cross itself, the legends concerning it, the relics which are supposed to exist in many parts of the world, and the sacred associations connected with it. Wisely, perhaps, he has stated each popular belief and each morsel of legend without much comment, as leaving to the reader the privilege and the duty of choosing what he should accept. This readiness to insist only upon the existence of the story is, perhaps, carried too far in the earlier chapters, where a vast amount of space is devoted to the appearance in very ancient and prehistoric articles of human make of crossing lines incised, in relief, or painted. In addition to the visible, existing patterns which consist of crossing lines, there are others, known only by allusions, to which the same shape and character have been ascribed, such as the mark of the blood on the door-posts of the Hebrews on the first night of the Passover, of which it is assumed that the marks took the shape of the cross. Fylfots and swastikas are, of course, much cited, and are of much apparent importance in such a piece of vague investigation. Inasmuch as it is as natural a way as any

of setting down two marks that they shall be approximately straight, and that they shall be laid across one another, and inasmuch as nothing could be easier than the increasing of the complexity of this pattern by putting additional lines to it, it may be said that too much is made of these frequent appearances in early times of what might be called a cross. Moreover, as the punishment of nailing or tying the victim to a plank, tree, or stake was common in Asia and among Asiatic peoples, and afterwards in Roman dominions, it followed, of necessity, that one of the shapes of the cross was often employed—sometimes the Tau (T) cross, in which there was a cross-bar upon an upright; sometimes the St. Andrew's cross, in which two beams crossed one another diagonally; sometimes the *crux immissa*, in which the head of the upright piece passed the cross-bar and was seen above it. In other words, the world has always been full of crosses, of those used for simple adornment and of those used for punishment. The difficulty is not in admitting this fact, but in recognizing the sacred or mystical significance of the fact; and the compiler of this book may be thought to have gone as far as it was possible to go in the way of admitting the importance of these doubtful associations.

—Under the general editorship of Prof. Prothero, the "Cambridge Historical Series" has arrived at a seventh volume. Dr. W. Cunningham's 'Outlines of English Industrial History' was one of the earliest to appear. He now contributes an essay of some 200 pages 'On Western Civilization in its Economic Aspects (Ancient Times)' (Macmillan). The aim of the essay is to trace the working out of the economic destinies of the chief ancient civilizations. In this short history of commerce the author deals with the characteristic features of the Egyptian and Phœnician civilizations, and points out their influence on the Greeks and the Greek colonies. He then proceeds to show how the conquests of Alexander on the one hand, and, on the other, the action of the Romans, diffused Greek civilization; how the incursions of the barbarians gradually limited the area of civilized life in the West, until the elements of the old civilization were restored, when Christian Rome rose from her ashes to guide the destinies of the world. The treatment is necessarily of the briefest, but, by dint of being perfectly clear and systematic, Dr. Cunningham succeeds, in spite of the slight evidence at his disposal, in giving a useful and fairly detailed picture of the methods pursued by ancient nations in opening up trade, in securing a food supply, etc. He shows plainly enough how the vitality of a city depends mainly on its economic conditions. What makes his little book especially useful is the fact that he is careful to give his authorities in foot-notes. The maps and the chronological chart showing the duration of different polities which have made important economic contributions to Western civilization, are excellent.

—The completion of the great 'Deutsches Wörterbuch' of Jacob and Wilhelm Grimm, so long a matter of satirical speculation and undated hopes, now comes pretty clearly into view across the space of eight years. The first subscription-list was started nearly half a century ago. With the first *Lieferung*, "A to Allverlein," which has just been issued, bearing the imprint of the original publishing house of Salomon Hirzel, Leipzig (in New

York, Lemecke & Buechner), begins a new subscription which, it is confidently believed, will be filled uninterruptedly and at regular intervals until eight years hence the completed work will be in the hands of all subscribers, old and new. To scholars and students the world over this will be welcome news. It is exactly sixty years ago that two emissaries of the well-known publisher and Goethe-enthusiast, Salomon Hirzel, laid before the brothers Grimm the plan of a monumental dictionary of the German language. After some hesitation the Grimms finally consented. They had never before entered upon any literary or scholarly undertaking at the suggestion of others; their works theretofore had been the results of spontaneous impulse. In the years that followed, the infinite drudgery of this colossal task weighed heavily upon them, and in their correspondence with Hirzel there is a note of anxiety which commands the reader's sympathy. At last, in 1852, after fourteen years of preparatory labors, the dictionary began to appear. The public had grown impatient, and in 1846 Wilhelm Grimm, with characteristic good nature, made a statement in Frankfurt concerning the status, the scope, and the inevitable difficulties of the work. The 'Wörterbuch' is designed to contain the complete vocabulary of the German language from Luther to Goethe, with the history of words and with citations to illustrate the usage. Luther, who rescued German from its disordered state, stands naturally at the beginning of a lexicon from which Middle and Old High German have been purposely excluded. But at that time it was no such self-evident proposition to make Goethe the central point in the study and history of the modern German tongue; he was not then so universally recognized by his countrymen as the supreme force in German culture. By assigning to him this position the Grimms showed their courageous conviction, and, in a sense, may be said to have thus been the founders of Goethe philology as a branch of scientific investigation. The Grimms were assisted by Karl Weigand and Rudolf Hildebrand and others of lesser note. But the death of Wilhelm Grimm in 1859 the enterprise received a severe blow, and when, in 1863, Jacob followed his brother, the fourth volume had only just been begun. In 1864 the work was resumed by Weigand and Hildebrand, with whom other scholars were associated. The first-named died in 1878, and indeed during the last years of his life had been too much engaged in getting out a dictionary of his own to give his full attention to the greater work. Prof. Hildebrand of Leipzig, who, like Dr. Johnson, combined with the touch of genius which characterized all his scholarly labors, an aversion to steady lexicographical drudgery, advanced but slowly with the parts intrusted to him. Death, illness, and other delaying causes incident to so vast an enterprise rendered the regular publication of the *Lieferungen* impossible. Within a comparatively short space of time Hildebrand, Matthias Lexer, Ernst Wülcker, and Otto Erdmann passed away.

—Of the immediate successors of the Grimms only one is now left, Moriz Heyne of Göttingen, who, in 1867, at the age of thirty, joined the staff of workers. He, in the course of the last thirty years, has finished the letters H, I, L, M, and R, and carried the formidable letter S through its most prolific period of Sch. The 'Wörterbuch,' as it now stands, contains the letters A, B, C, D, E, F,

H, I, L, M, N, O, P, and R, and parts of G, S, T, and V. At this point, when the dictionary was languishing in spasmodic *Lieferungen*, the publishers had an access of energy, and the result of their efforts during the past year is that they are now able to announce that, at the rate of about eighteen *Lieferungen* a year, the 'Wörterbuch' will be completed before 1907, or about seventy years after the plan of the work was submitted to the Grimms. The remainder of S is in the hands of the veteran Heyne. G, which Hildebrand left unfinished at "Getreibe," will be continued by Prof. Herman Wunderlich of Heidelberg (not Ernst Wunderlich, as it appears upon the cover, by attraction, doubtless, to the preceding name of Ernst Wülcker). Matthias Lexer, who began the letter T in 1890, had carried it only to the ill-omened word "Todestag," when death overtook him. This task, together with the entire letter U, has been given to Prof. Stosch of Kiel. These two letters are expected to fill the eleventh of these stately volumes. V, which had been brought by the late Ernst Wülcker as far as "Verschrecken," now passes into the hands of Prof. Siebs of Greifswald, and W has been intrusted to Prof. Karl von Bahder in Leipzig. To whom the modest Q and the more important Z have been assigned, the prospectus does not state. At all events, it is apparent from the foregoing that the completion of the 'Wörterbuch' has been taken out of the region of speculation into that of tangible certainty. In the case of a work like this, it is well to call public attention to the extremely low rate at which it is published. Each *Lieferung*, containing from twelve to fifteen signatures, costs the subscriber two marks; thus, at an annual outlay of about thirty-six marks, one may, at the end of eight years, become possessed of one of the greatest lexicographical works of the century. Rarely has a publication of such rich interest and monumental proportions been placed so completely within the reach of the most straitened purse, and we need scarcely urge students to begin at once to harvest in these tri-weekly *Lieferungen* "um in dem Allverein selig zu sein." (It is with this citation from Goethe that this first number of 239 octavo pages ends.)

RECENT AMERICAN POETRY.

The Complete Poetical Works of Joaquin Miller (San Francisco: Whitaker) suggest the curious fact that of the two poets who have claimed to be most distinctively and aggressively American, neither has ever consented to be known by his own name, but each personally shifted it to something more piquant and sensational. From the beginning of his literary career, Whitman called himself Wait, while Cincinnatus Hiner Miller rechristened himself Joaquin. In the same way, neither of the two has been content with his own language, while Longfellow and Lowell, both professors of modern languages, were satisfied with English, herein agreeing with Don Quixote, who says that all the great poets "wrote in the language they drew in with their mother's milk, and did not search out foreign ones (*buscar las estrangeras*) to express the loftiness of their conceptions." In other respects the analogy holds out. Whitman headed his first volume of poems with a picture of himself, and has since offered others; Miller decorates his final volume with seven pictures taken at different

periods. As Whitman, according to one of his biographers, used to write eulogistic notices of himself for publication, so Miller fills the intervals of his books with flattering descriptions of his personal prowess. He says in his final notes for young readers, "Not only simplicity of motive, but majesty of utterance must be ours" (p. 325). Accordingly, we read in one of his preludes his way of exhibiting this needful combination (p. 222):

"Born to the saddle and bred by a chain of events to ride with the wind until I met the stolid riders of England, I can now see how it was that Anthony Trollope, Lord Houghton, and others of the saddle and 'meet' gave me ready place in their midst. Not that the English were less daring; but they were less fortunate; may I say less experienced? I recall the fact that I once found Lord Houghton's brother, Lord Crewe, and his son also, under the hands of the surgeon in New York—one with a broken thigh, and the other with a few broken ribs. But in all our hard riding I never had a scratch. One morning Trollope hinted that my immunity was due to my big Spanish saddle, which I had brought from Mexico City. I threw my saddle on the grass and rode without so much as a blanket. And I rode neck to neck; and then left them all behind, and nearly every one unhorsed."

It is only in the pages of Conan Doyle's delightful French officer, Brigadier Gérard, that we can find a mate for the combined "simplicity" and "majesty" of these self-revelations. "Ah! my friends, I was no ordinary looking man when I was in my thirtieth year. In the whole light cavalry it would have been hard to find a finer pair of whiskers. Murat's may have been a shade longer, but the best judges are agreed that Murat's were a shade too long. And then I had a manner."

Yet it must be owned that Miller appears in one respect to more advantage than Whitman, partly because the Californian poet does all his puffing for himself, frankly, with no clique behind him; and partly because of the honest criticisms on himself which often accompany them. Thus, he tells us how much he has worked over "The Isles of the Amazons," and how it now seems foolish "with knights and things," as no doubt it does; but he does not fail to tell us that the Emperor of Brazil liked it, and invited him to come and make the palace his home while he lived (p. 108). He tells us that Lord Houghton struck out much of the "empty verbosity" from his first volumes published in 1877-'78, but naturally mentions that they brought him an invitation to spend the season with Mr. Gladstone (p. 191). He admits how poor now seem to him the writings which first—joined with certain peculiarities of dress and manners—made him an object of curiosity in London; but he describes that epoch as "the sudden renown of a little brown-faced student, . . . famous in a day as a poet" (p. 320). He says of his "Sappho and Phaon" (p. 305), "It is the only thing of mine except 'The City Beautiful' that quite pleases me," though it is perhaps the vaguest of all his poems, and relates to a dim reunion of the two Greek lovers, after three thousand years, on the shores of California. After all, his humility amounts to this: he admits that some of his poems may perhaps be less good than others, but practically assumes that each is worth reprinting, and is enough to place him on the heights of fame. He has, indeed, at times a sense of lyrical melody such as Whitman despised; but, on the other hand, there are to be found many grains of gold in Whitman's heaps of dross, and these are hardly obtainable from those of Miller.

After all, the couplet which will live longest in all this closely printed volume is probably that one touch of simple feeling which crowns the description of his tribute at the grave of Walker the filibuster:

"He had done more than this for me,
And yet I could not well do more." (P. 18.)

Even this is now vitiated by the discovery, made through this book for the first time, that the poet never stood beside Walker's grave, and that the poem was originally written about John Brown of Osawatimie.

The poet Tennyson, pointing a quarter of a century ago to a copy of Miller's early poems that stood on a shelf of his library, said briefly to an American visitor: "There's power there, but crude." Among all the new American poems which have lately passed across the critic's desk, there is no question which is entitled to just this praise so far as it goes. It is 'The Children of the Night,' by Edwin Arlington Robinson (Boston: Badger). Nay, one can go farther than this, for, while the variety of Mr. Robinson's measure is as yet small, he does his work deftly and thoroughly within that plot of ground, and packs even his sonnets with such vigor and such creative imagination that the whole story is told. He writes of men and women, not of external nature, and uses the latter only as the Greeks did, for a setting, not a theme, which is the better way. When he deals of books, there is the same power of characterization. We expect young poets to have their say about Verlaine and Whitman, but we hardly expect them to have heard of Crabbe; and yet what prose critic ever summed up Crabbe and placed him in his niche so completely as this young American? (p. 64):

GEORGE CRABBE.

Give him the darkest inch your shelf allows,
Hide him in lonely garrets, if you will,—
But his hard, human pulse is throbbing still
With the sure strength that fearless truth endows.
In spite of all fine science disavows,
Of his plain excellence and stubborn skill
There yet remains what fashion cannot kill,
Though years have thinned the laurel from his brows.

Whether or not we read him, we can feel
From time to time the vigor of his name
Against us like a finger for the shame
And emptiness of what our souls reveal
In books that are as altars where we kneel
To consecrate the flicker, not the flame.

And when the young poet, looking away from his bookshelves, turns his lens upon the village street which he knows so well, the result shows the same power of putting a whole life, or a whole generation of lives, into the same narrow compass of fourteen lines (p. 54):

THE CLERKS.

I did not think that I should find them there
When I came back again; but there they stood,
As in the days they dreamed of when young blood
Was in their cheeks and women called them fair.
Be sure, they met me with an ancient air,—
And yes, there was a shopworn brotherhood
About them; but the men were just as good,
And just as human as they ever were.

And you that ache so much to be sublime,
And you that feed yourselves with your descent,
What comes of all your visions and your fears?
Poets and kings are but the clerks of Time,
Tearing the same dull webs of discontent,
Clipping the same sad alnage of the years.

Mr. Robinson is not afraid of odd words where they give just what he needs. In this last verse, "tiering" is; we take it, arranging in tiers, and "alnage" means ell-measure. To show him capable of a lyric flow and of producing something which shall haunt the reader, take this (p. 32):

LUKE HAVERGAL.

Go to the western gate, Luke Haverгал,—
There where the vines cling crimson on the wall,—

And in the twilight wait for what will come.
The wind will moan, the leaves will whisper some
Whisper of her, and strike you as they fall;
But go, and if you trust her she will call.
Go to the western gate, Luke Haverгал—
Luke Haverгал.

No, there is not a dawn in the eastern skies
To rift the fiery night that's in your eyes;
But there, where western glooms are gathering,
The dark will end the dark, if anything:
God slays Himself with every leaf that flies,
And hell is more than half of Paradise.
No, there is not a dawn in the eastern skies—
In eastern skies.

Out of a grave I come to tell you this—
Out of a grave I come to quench the kiss
That flames upon your forehead with a glow
That blinds you to the way that you must go.
Yes, there is yet one way to where she is—
Bitter, but one that faith can never miss.
Out of a grave I come to tell you this—
To tell you this.

There is the western gate, Luke Haverгал.
There are the crimson leaves upon the wall.
Go—for the winds are tearing them away—
Nor think to riddle the dead words they say.
Nor any more to feel them as they fall;
But go! and if you trust her she will call.
There is the western gate, Luke Haverгал—
Luke Haverгал.

Those who lavished so much admiration on the sonnets called 'At the Gates of Song,' by Mr. Lloyd Mifflin, have doubtless waited with much interest to see what harvest would be reaped in his later book, 'On the Slopes of Helicon, and Other Poems' (Boston: Estes & Lauriat). They must own, however, that the author's mastery of the lyric measure is scarcely equal to that which he has attained—perhaps by concentrated practice—in the sonnet measure; so it is to this last we still recur. Here his hand is practised, yet with a slight tendency to excess of alliteration and assonance (p. 57):

SUMMER'S SOUNDS.

One listening in the clover fields can hear.
The mower whet his scythe; and far away,
O'er lowlands odorous with the new-mown hay,
The rattle of the reaper sharp and clear.
Across the reedy stretches of the mere
The grazing horses send their greeting neigh;
While, 'mid the silences throughout the day,
The locust's sharp staccato stabs the ear.
Dim shimmering in the heat the violet hills
Call to us vaguely from a realm of dreams;
And from the meadow's smooth meandering
streams
Come muffled murmurs of the distant mills;
From upland wheat-fields, as his barns he fills,
We hear the farmer calling to his teams.

It is perhaps natural that from those parts of the American continent which have been least described we should have more of local coloring reflected into literature than from the more hackneyed regions. From California, for instance, we have a great deal of this, in the thin volume, 'A Vintage of Verse,' by Clarence Urmey (San Francisco: Doxey); and the following graceful lines are an example (p. 35):

AS I CAME DOWN MOUNT TAMALPAIS.

As I came down Mount Tamalpais,
To north the fair Sonoma Hills
Lay like a trembling thread of blue—
Beneath a sky of daffodils;
Through tules green a silver stream
Ran south to meet the tranquil bay,
Whispering a dreamy, tender tale
Of vales and valleys far away.

As I came down Mount Tamalpais
To south the city brightly shone,
Touched by the sunset's good-night kiss
Across the golden ocean blown;
I saw its hills, its tapering masts,
I almost heard its tramp and tread,
And saw against the sky the cross
Which marks the City of the Dead.

As I came down Mount Tamalpais,
To east San Pablo's water lay,
Touched with a holy purple light,
The benediction of the day;
No ripple on its twilight tide,
No parting of its evening veil,
Save dimly in the far-off haze
One dreamy, yellow sunset sail.

As I came down Mount Tamalpais,
To west Heaven's gateway opened wide,
And through it, freighted with day-cares,

The cloud-ships floated with the tide;
Then, silently through still air,
Starlight flew down from Paradise,
Folded her silver wings and slept
Upon the slopes of Tamalpais.

The new impulse to poetry in the British provinces fortunately leads to this local coloring, and Blomidon and Tantramair still awaken musical associations. Dr. Theodore H. Rand, in the second edition of 'The Basin of Minas, and Other Poems' (Toronto: Briggs), celebrates well the robin, the loon, and the humming-bird; the aspen, the hepatica, the twin-flower, the ghost-flower; and pays a lyric tribute to that rarely sung wanderer, the dragon-fly.

Canada also gives us touches of human emotion through a poet who has before given signs of promise, Mr. Frederick George Scott, author of 'The Unnamed Lake, and Other Poems' (Toronto: Briggs). As this, for instance (p. 45):

THE HEAVEN OF LOVE.

I rose at midnight and beheld the sky
Sown thick with stars, like grains of golden sand
Which God had scattered loosely from His hand
Upon the floorways of His house on high;
And straight I pictured to my spirit's eye
The giant worlds, their course by wisdom planned,
The weary wastes, the gulfs no sight hath
spanned,
And endless time for ever passing by.

Then, filled with wonder and a secret dread,
I crept to where my child lay fast asleep,
With chubby arm beneath his golden head,
What cared I then for all the stars above?
One little face shut out the boundless deep,
One little heart revealed the heaven of love.

To those who are growing weary of dialect poems—that is, to everybody—we heartily recommend an example of the French Canadian strain, which has never before been so deftly handled as by Dr. William Henry Drummond in 'The Habitant, and Other French-Canadian Poems' (Putnam's). In the immense and innocent vivacity of these verses, and in their snap and movement, of which every line implies a violin accompaniment, there is a perpetual relish which belongs with the cheery and rather shallow life with which they deal. For the deeper emotions we must look elsewhere, but what can be more uproariously jolly than this, from 'Le Vieux Temps' (p. 13)?

Ma fader an' ma moder, too, got nice, nice familee.
Dat's ten gargon an' t'orteen girl, was mak' it
twenty-tree;
But fanny t'ing de Gouvernement don't geev de
firs' prize den
Lak w'at dey say dey geev it now, for only wan
douzaine.

De English peep dat only got wan familee small
size
Mus' be feel glad dat tam dere is no honder-acre
prize
For fader of twelve chil'ren—dey know dat mus'
be so,
De Canayens would boss Kebeck—mebbe Ontario.

But dat is not de story dat I was gone tole you
About de fun we use to have w'en we leev a chez
nous.
We're never lonesome on dat house, for many
cavalier
Come at our place mos' every night—especially
Sun-day.

But tam I 'member bes' is w'en I'm twenty-wan
year-me—
An' so for mak' some pleasurement—we give wan
large soiree,
De whole paroisse she be invite—de Curé he's come
too—
Wit plaintee peep from 'noder place—dat's more
I can tole you.

De night she's cole an' freeze also, chemin she's
-fill wit snow.
An' on de chimney lak phantome, de win' is mak'
it blow—
But boy an' girl come all de, sam an' pass on
grande parloir
For warm itself on 'beeg box-stove, was mak' on
Trois Rivières.

An' w'en Bonhomme Latour commence for tune up
hees fidelle
It mak' us all feel very glad—l'enfant! he play
so well,

Musique suppose to be firs' class, I offen hear, for sure,
But mos' bes' man, beat all de res', is ole Bateese Latour—

An' w'en Bateese play Irish jeeg, he's learn on Mattawa
Dat tam he's head, boss cook Shaintee—den leetle Joe Leblanc
Tak' hole de beeg Marie Juneau an' dance upon de floor
Till Marie say "Excuse to me, I cannot dance no more."

An' den de Curé 's mak' de speech—ole Curé La-douceur!
He say de girl was spark de boy too much on some cornerre—
An' so he's tole Bateese play up ole-fashion reel a quatre
An' everybody she mus' dance, dey can't get off on dat.

Another Canadian poet, Mr. Bernard McEvoy, gives us no particular local coloring; indeed, his book, 'Away from Newspaperdom' (Toronto: Morang), takes us not very far from the locality thus described. The Rev. Dominic Brennan, writing under the pen-name of D. O'Kelly Branden (Buffalo: Peter Paul Co.), gives us plenty of patriotic poems, some Irish, some American, and some that are thoughtful and even profound. Mrs. Margaret Gill Currie, in 'A Romance of Old New Brunswick' (Toronto: Briggs), offers something that is labored, yet not poetic. Mr. Daniel Webster Davis, a new colored poet, in 'Weh Down Souf, and Other Poems' (Cleveland: Helman-Taylor Co.), makes a good second to Paul Louis Dunbar, although he does not equal his predecessor. He was born and reared in Virginia, and wrote the ode for the opening of the negro building at the Atlanta Exposition. Miss Lucy Cleveland's 'The Scarlet-Veined' (Randolph) means the American flag, and should, therefore, be seasonable, though published "befo' de war." Mrs. Belle R. Harrison's poems (Dillingham) are apparently of Southern origin, and have a marked flavor of Miss L. E. Landon, who furnishes the motto. 'The Spinning Wheel at Rest,' by Edward Augustus Jenks, is of value, were it only for the picture of the old stone bridge at Gilsun, N. H. (p. 22). Why have we so few picturesque bridges in the United States, when there is opportunity for so many?

Miss Fanny H. Runnels Poole, in her 'Bank of Violets' (Putnams), thus describes the 'bobolinks, already so well celebrated by Lowell and Bryant that Thomas Hughes crossed the ocean to hear them (p. 11):

THE BOBOLINKS.

The buoyant music of the bobolinks
Outpours upon the June;
Now is the high-tide of the year, methinks,
With love and joy atune!
Yet more, I ween,
Than heard or seen
Is that which back to fancy brings
The presence of remembered things.
The air is filled with melody,
And so, my heart, with memory!

Once more and now, O playmate of my choice,
Only to live is sweet!
Thro' the billowy open floats your voice,
Too happy at your feet;
Kingsups, daisies,
In grassy mazes,
Sway low at your undulant tread;
Hush! you are calling. "Just ahead,
Something soft to keep and hold,
Hurry! all ebony and gold.

"On the brier-rose, there! O Constantin"—
But off with arrowy flight,
Never a moment our grasp within,
Gleameth a ray of light,
Its way along
A daring song!

Ah, well! adown these after-years,
Fair is the gold and few the tears.
Playmates, we follow yet—and then
Here are the bobolinks again!

Mr. Edward McQueen Gray, now of Florence, New Mexico, gives us, in 'Alamo and Other Verses' (London: Denny), a companion

picture of the mocking-bird; but, perhaps because the author is of English birth, he does not quite make the subject his own, and his bird notes are not sufficiently free and lyrical (p. 50):

MOCKING-BIRD.

I awoke with the first flush of dawn,
While the mocking-bird out on the lawn
His pean was shrilling unresting and filling
My heart with the promise of morn,
Mocking-bird,
My heart with the promise of morn.

I lay while the gathering light
Was surely defeating the night
And, tunelessly swelling, thy music was telling
Of happiness, love, and delight,
Mocking-bird,
Of happiness, love, and delight.

He is more at home in writing of the battle of the Alamo; his address "To America: Proem" is a bit of warm international cousinship; and the book is printed in behalf of a free circulating library at the author's place of abode. Another poet, who sings both the mocking-bird and the whippoorwill, though with only moderate success, is Mr. William T. Dumas, in his 'The Golden Day, and Other Miscellaneous Poems' (Philadelphia: The Levytype Company). He also gives an exceedingly vigorous, but rather florid and wordy description of "The Cyclone" (p. 55). The same adjectives must be applied to the new volume of the Japanese-American poet, Yone Noguchi, 'The Voice of the Valley' (San Francisco: Doxey). His editor, Mr. Charles Warren Stoddard, says of him: "With the passionate enthusiasm of youth, this unspoiled poet has fluttered the eagles on their star-crowned peaks, and I glory in the almost frenzied daring with which he has chanted 'The Song of Songs, which is Noguchi's'" (p. 12). This is an example of the frenzied daring (p. 23):

SONG OF NIGHT IN YOSEMITE VALLEY.

Hark! The prophecy-inciting windquake of the unfathomable concave of darkest Hell!
O, the God-scourning demon's shout against the truth-locked gate of mighty Heaven!
Heaven and Hell joining their palace and dungeon, remould the sinful universe to an ethereal paradise—
O, the sphere is shaken by the Master-Mechanic working from the surface of the world to its centre!
Alas, the sun has fled in saddest woe!—O mortal, breathe thy silent prayer unto mighty Yosemite for mirth!
Behold, the light of day leaves the white mansion to the care of dolorous night!
The geni of the Valley fly from the roar of a thousand lions to the sacred peace above—
Lo, an unknown Jeweller decks the black, velvety heaven with treasure-stars—
Yea, the Mother-Goddess, mantling the earth with the night, forbids Yosemite disturb her baby-angel's dream in heaven!
Hark! the night discord of the eternal falling of waters sounding discontent throughout the earth—
O, a chariot is rushing down to an unknown hollow in wild triumph!
Behold, a dragon reveals divinity in the ghostly-odoriferous sky of the night—
Nay, the mighty sword of the Judgment Day blazes down the Heaven to the gate of Hell!

'One Way to the Woods' (Boston: Cope-land), by Evalene Stein, has much freshness and fragrance in its description of nature, and this bit of Mexican life—in spite of the monotony of its refrain—will recall charming travel-pictures to many (p. 9):

IN MEXICO.

The cactus towers, straight and tall,
Through fallow fields of chapparal;
And here and there, in paths apart,
A dusky peon guides his cart,
And yokes of oxen journey slow,
In Mexico.

And oft some distant tinkling tells
Of muleteers, with wagon-bells
That jangle sweet across the maize,
And green agave stalks that raise
Rich spires of blossoms, row on row,
In Mexico.

Upon the whitened city walls
The golden sunshine softly falls,
On archways set with orange trees,
On paven courts and balconies
Where trailing vines toss to and fro,
In Mexico.

'And patient little donkeys fare
With laden saddle-bags, and bear
Through narrow ways quaint water-jars
Wreathed round with waxen lily stars
And scarlet poppy-buds that blow,
In Mexico.

A land of lutes and witching tones,
Of silver, onyx, opal stones;
A lazy land, wherein all seems
Enchanted into endless dreams;
And never any need they know,
In Mexico,

Of life's unquiet, swift advance;
But slipped into such gracious trance,
The restless world speeds on, unfelt,
Unheeded, as by those who dwell
In olden ages, long ago,
In Mexico.

Miss Mary Augusta Mason, in her 'With the Seasons' (Randolph), has a pretty fancy (p. 44), marred by a faulty "would" for "should" in the last line:

O SWEET, SWEET WORLD.

O sweet, sweet world, were I a bee,
And such delights were offered me,
From morn till eve I'd spread my wings
And hover o'er the fragrant things,
And never miss a single bloom,
But carry homeward in the gloom
My load of sweets and board it so
My golden cells would overflow!

Each cup should bear a magic name
To tell me whence the honey came!
"Arbutus," "clover," "violet,"
"Azalea," "pink" and "mignonette,"—
And other flowers we love to see
And that are sweet to man and bee;
When winter comes at home I then
Would live the summer o'er again.

Mrs. Florence Earle Coates, in her 'Poems' (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.), gives us this strong sonnet (p. 119):

SIBERIA.

The night-wind drives across the leaden skies,
And fans the brooding earth with icy wings;
Against the coast loud-booming billows fling,
And sighs through forest-deeps with moaning sighs.
Above the gorge, where snow, deep fallen, lies—
A softness lending e'en to savage things—
Above the gelid source of mountain springs,
A solitary eagle, circling, dies.
O pathless woods, O isolating sea,
O steppes interminable, hopeless, cold,
O grievous distances, imagine ye,
Imprisoned here, the human soul to hold?
Free, in a dungeon—as yon falcon free,—
It soars beyond your ken, its loved ones to unfold!

Mr. Charles F. Johnson of Trinity College, Hartford, in his 'What Can I Do for Brady? and Other Verse' (Whittaker), puts neatly a single thought at a time (p. 56):

THE SHAKESPEREAN PHRASE.

He took ten words from our English speech:
Two were such as mothers teach
Their children when they croon them rhymes
Or teach them legends of old times,
One he learned from his father's men,
One he picked up from "rare old Ben,"
Two he heard Marlowe use one day
At the Mitre Tavern after the play,
One he recalled from a ballad rude
That his comrades sang in Lucy's Wood,
Two he had heard on London street—
A verb and a noun now obsolete,
But full of pith in Elizabeth's reign—
And one he found in old Montaigne.

He set the Saxon words beside
The high-born Latin words of pride,
And lo! the ten words joined together
To make a phrase which lives for ever—
An immortal phrase of beauty and wit,
A luminous thought the soul of it,
But with no baffling wordy fence
Between the reader and the sense.
Genius finds in our every-day words
The music of the woodland birds,
Discloses hidden beauty furled
In the commonplace stuff of the every-day world.
And for her highest vision looks
To the world of men, not the world of books.

Philadelphia, always a city eminent for

physicians, is becoming a city where physicians are also poets, and Dr. Edward Willard Watson, in his 'Songs of Flying Hours' (Philadelphia: Coates), is no more afraid of writing poems on the actual themes of science than was Dr. O. W. Holmes of writing 'The Anatomist's Hymn.' The Philadelphian does his work, too, like his Boston precursor, with a thoroughness and dignity that disarm criticism (p. 146):

BACILLI.

For you no kindly power, with loving art,
Adorns and shapes, with beauty rare, each form.
Beneath the eye of man, in unseen part,
Ye, in the darkness of the infinite, swarm.
Everywhere, alway, in the calm or storm,
Within the living, waiting there the hour
When ye shall rise triumphant and o'erpower,
Within the dead, where carnival ye keep,
Ever invading as ye steal and cower,
Till, on some sultry wind, ye to your carnage leap.
Are ye, then, life? Like flowers and painted things
That poise in sunshine on their gilded wings,
That hum the note that louder still doth float,
Leaping heavenward, from the palpitating throat
Of every bird that skyward soars and sings?
Or are ye death, the desolate and drear,
Ever surrounding us with legions vast;
Ereviding sight, lurking in guilty fear
Where never can unaided glance be cast?
Are ye the silent foe of that blest power
Who, for us, works unceasing, day and night,
That hides from us its majesty and might
Within the blushing petals of the flower?
And, in the future, will the untiring hand
That builds again each shattered house of clay,
Conqueror, before death's flying legions stand,
And claim for all that lives a deathless day?

In 'Washington: A National Epic in Six Cantos' (Putnam) Mr. Edward Johnson Runk has produced a work in which it has been his aim, he tells us, "that truth should not be invaded by imagination." In this effort he has absolutely succeeded, having produced a hundred and thirty pages of extreme doggerel, in which the only touch of imagination is in his impassioned reference, near the end, to "world-famed Chauncey M. Depew," and to "the storied page of Roe." The concluding lines are:

"A halo rests round his person,
And Freedom knows one Washington."

There is, of course, some new Omar Khayyám literature—this time of American origin. Mr. John Leslie Garner prints a second edition of his own translations, under the title of 'The Stanzas of Omar Khayyám' (Philadelphia: Coates), and intersperses them, in a rather meaningless way, with mottoes in different languages and translations from other poets, old and new, prefacing all with an introduction. At the same time Mr. Condé Benoist Pullen publishes a 'New Rubáiyát' (St. Louis: Herder), in which he seriously undertakes to refute Omar's sinful levity and to substitute better views of the universe. He, however, renders his readers a service by reprinting FitzGerald's poem at the end. Yet, since every year makes it clearer that most of what endears the whole work to us is due to FitzGerald, and not to Omar, why should we not classify the book itself frankly with English literature, and no other—as we do, for instance, in the case of Chapman's Homer—and so come to an end of supplementary disquisitions, imitations, or rebuttals? A better piece of translation than Mr. Garner's, and perhaps, under the circumstances, more worth while, is the version of Pellico's tragedy of Francesca da Rimini, by the Rev. J. F. Bingham, D.D. (Cambridge, Mass.: Sever), which is accompanied with a good deal of learning and some interesting engravings of Italian buildings and localities.

Mr. Walter Learned, the author of 'Between Times,' has edited a 'Treasury of American Verse' (Stokes), which is the best col-

lection of the kind known to us, except Mr. Horder's 'Treasury of American Sacred Song,' which is somewhat more limited in theme. Of course no two readers will agree as to the proper apportionment of space to authors, and some will find fault with the proportions allotted by Mr. Learned; but he has preserved many good things not always included in such collections, as, for instance, the text of the really deserving plantation melodies of the late Stephen C. Foster, whose pathetic cadences are in danger of being lost to sight among the trivial and meaningless "coon songs" now in vogue. Mr. Learned's transcript of his various verses is unusually letter-perfect. We note only a few variations from the recognized texts. Pinkney's ever-graceful 'A Health' (p. 290) was originally printed, if we mistake not, in stanzas containing four long lines each, which have been gradually divided since the author's death into eight short ones, for the convenience of compositors; and in quoting Mr. Higginson's sonnet 'Two Lessons' (p. 26), the editor omits the fine lines from Vergil, of which the whole sonnet is a free translation, and which the author prefixed as its motto:

"Disce, puer, virtutem ex me, verumque laborem;
Fortunam ex aliis."

In conclusion we would suggest that in future editions of this really excellent book the full names of authors should be printed, with a very few statistics as to birth, death, birth-place, and place of residence. There should also be, as is usual, an alphabetical index of the poems by their titles, as well as by their first lines.

SIR GEORGE NICHOLLS.

A *History of the English Poor Law*, in connection with the State of the Country and the Condition of the People. By Sir George Nicholls, K.C.B., Poor Law Commissioner and Secretary to the Poor Law Board. New edition, containing the revisions made by the author and a biography by H. G. Willink, Chairman of the Bradford Poor Law Union. 2 vols. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1898.

There is a singular appropriateness about this new edition of Nicholls's well-known history. It appears at a time when the strongest Conservative Government of this generation is firmly established in power in England, pledged up to the eyes to "do something" in the direction of old-age pensions; a time, therefore, when the question of the relation of that modern poor law which Nicholls did so much to create to the industrial conditions of a country like England is being reconsidered in all its aspects. That the criticism of Mr. Chamberlain's and Mr. Charles Booth's proposals should be left entirely to the Charity Organization Society is, it must be confessed, not altogether satisfactory; and even those who feel most strongly the narrowness of its principles, will be glad to see it reinforced by the experience of the strong men of 1834.

There is another reason for welcoming the present reissue. Every one who knows anything of the actual administration of poor-law relief in England is aware that the Bradford Union, first under the chairmanship of the late Mr. Stevens, the creator of Bradford School, and then under that of the late Mr. Garland, has for a good many years been the model for rural unions all over

England. It has been thought to show the possibility of almost entirely putting an end to out-door relief even in a purely agricultural district, and that without driving larger numbers into the workhouse or causing serious distress. To the present chairman of that union, himself the grandson of Nicholls, we now owe the sober and well-written account of Nicholls's life which is prefixed to these volumes, and which by its reticent brevity contrasts so favorably with much of the biographical writing of the day.

We could, indeed, have tolerated further particulars, for the man is more interesting than his book. Daniel O'Connell once tried to raise a laugh by assuming the absurdity of setting "a sea-skipper to regulate poor laws." A thorough old skipper Nicholls was to the end, as one may see from the excellent portrait here given. Mr. Willink describes him, from his own boyhood's recollections, as "a well-knit, alert old man, with keen gray eyes under extremely bushy eyebrows, rather austere but with a genuine smile," and, it may be added, with the firm chin and mouth of one who would carry either a ship or a public measure through every kind of storm. A life so varied in its activities as his deserves a passing glance.

The son of a Cornish farmer, George Nicholls got into the naval service of the East India Company, and was in command of a ship by the age of seven and twenty. He had made skilful use of the opportunities for trade on his own account which the Company allowed its officers, and when he married in 1813 he seemed on the high road to wealth. The year after, he lost his ship by fire, and, though exonerated from blame, he retired from the service with impaired fortunes, "a broken man." The next few years he spent in quiet country life; then, as his spirits returned, he began to throw himself into local administration, and in 1821, being just forty years of age, he accepted the unpaid office of overseer of the poor in the little town of Southwell. This was the turning-point of his life: his vigorous and successful measures to diminish outdoor relief and apply "the workhouse test" made Southwell a useful object-lesson to all poor-law reformers. But before he was called upon to apply the same principles to the whole country, his career had taken another unexpected turn. Asked to advise a friend about the Gloucester Canal, he showed such businesslike qualities that he was made superintendent of its construction, and moved to Gloucester in 1823. When the monetary crisis of 1826 brought with it the ruin of the old Gloucester private bank, he induced the Bank of England to open a branch, and so impressed the directors with his capacity that in a few months he was intrusted with the delicate task of establishing a branch at the much more considerable town of Birmingham. He had set the Birmingham office on its legs, and was getting a little tired of it—for "mere banking," he declares, "i. e., the receipt and payment of money and the discount of bills, is, of all the associations with which it has been my lot to be connected, the least interesting and intellectual, the most narrowing and restrictive in its influence on character"—when Lord Melbourne invited him to become one of the Commissioners under the New Poor-Law Act of 1834. Granting that the policy of the Act was a necessary one, there can be no question of the wisdom of the choice. What the Act aimed at was to put an end to the universal

and most demoralizing practice of granting outdoor relief from the rates, very largely "in aid of wages." A man of firm character was needed to meet the outcry which the measure was bound to produce. That the purpose of the act was in the main effected is matter of history. When we look back on the angry denunciations of the new system, with its "Poor-Law Bastilles," and of the "three Bashaes of Somerset House" who introduced it, we may wonder whether any such measure could possibly have been carried out under the democratic government of the England of to-day. As to the subsequent disputes with Sir James Graham concerning Nicholls's measures for the introduction of the new Irish poor law, the evidence here given is too scanty and (in no bad sense) one-sided to enable us to form an opinion. Ireland has always been a peculiarly difficult field for the English administrator, and *festina lente* was never Nicholls's motto. When the Commission was reorganized in 1847, Nicholls was made the scapegoat of the Government, and sank from being senior Commissioner to being permanent Secretary. But this post still furnished him with congenial employment till he retired with his K.C.B. in 1851. Still unsatiated with work, he spent the last fourteen years of his life in writing his histories of English, Irish, and Scotch Poor Law and in guiding, as chairman, the deliberations of the Birmingham Canal directorate.

No one can read Mr. Willink's sketch without feeling that Nicholls deserved well of his country. Things had got to such a pass in 1834 that rough surgery was doubtless necessary. But it may be questioned whether Nicholls and his colleagues made sufficient allowance for human nature. The recent practice of "boarding out" on one side and the establishment of the casual ward on the other—not to speak of the return of a good deal of outdoor relief—are alike departures from the simplicity of the programme of 1834. The "immense scale," as a recent writer expresses it, upon which the new workhouses were planned, which now contain in most cases not half the inmates for whom they were intended, shows that they were expected to do a work which as a matter of fact they have not done.

After what we have said of the author, the reader of Nicholls's History will hardly expect to find in it any particular breadth of view, extensive historical knowledge, or literary skill. The first half follows Sir Frederick Eden and the Statutes of the Realm in a leisurely jogtrot fashion, taking statute after statute just as they come in the statute-book, so long as they have anything to do with "the condition of the people," and commenting upon them in a sensible, though often imperfectly informed, fashion. Thus his chapters present a convenient summary of all the economic legislation of England down to the middle of last century, and they breathe an optimism that is very cheering after the lamentations of Prof. Thorold Rogers and his disciples. He even believes that the justices' assessment of wages in the sixteenth century kept pace with the rise in the price of food!

The latter part of the book, dealing with the evils that called forth the great reform of 1834, and with the first twenty years' administration of the act, is much more original, and still forms the most complete account of the poor-law history of the period. It is also much narrower in its scope than

the earlier part; the reader will not learn from it of the existence of Malthus or of his Essay upon Population, which first turned the attention of thoughtful men to the inevitable consequences of the allowance plan; and he will not suspect that the period was one of profound changes in the structure of industrial society. The History becomes a sort of glorified Blue-book, with the usual limitations of such performances; but it is a permanently useful Blue-book, for all that.

The History of South Carolina under the Proprietary Government, 1670-1719. By Edward McCrady. Macmillan. 1897. Pp. ix, 762.

To many readers a considerable part of the interest and importance of Mr. McCrady's book will be thought to lie in its exposition of the formative influences in early Carolina history, and the early adoption of a distinctive social and political point of view. From the first the position of Carolina was one of comparative isolation. On the north a broad stretch of wilderness, penetrated only by Indian trails, separated it from Virginia, while on the south it touched, if it did not overlap, Spanish territory. Itself an outpost of the English advance, communication with the other English continental colonies was difficult and infrequent. While its situation, therefore, favored an independent development, its natural affiliation was soon seen to be with the colonies of the West Indies, particularly Barbados. The part taken by the Barbadians in the early affairs of South Carolina has nowhere been so carefully examined as in Mr. McCrady's volume. Emigrants from Barbados came to the colony in large numbers, bringing with them not only their property and their religion, but also an established social order the distinctive characteristic of which was an aristocracy based upon the institution of negro slavery. It was this system that was transplanted full-grown to South Carolina, and that maintained itself, without radical modification, in the midst of the new conditions. In point of social stability and definiteness, accordingly, the colony early reached a relatively more advanced stage than some of its neighbors, where the operation of new or varied conditions tended to delay the formation of a predominant and enduring type.

So, again, with the pronounced disposition to construe constitutional provisions strictly—a theory of which South Carolina was later to become a foremost champion. Mr. McCrady finds the historical beginnings of this in the struggle between the colony and the Proprietors. Locke's "Fundamental Constitutions," which for more than thirty years the Proprietors sought, in one way or another, to force upon the colony, not only was an impossible attempt to reestablish an outgrown mediævalism, but was also in opposition to the charter under which the Proprietors were to make laws only with the advice and consent of the freemen. The struggle for this charter privilege, and against the arbitrary acts of the Proprietors, is treated by Mr. McCrady in great detail. The story is the familiar one of restricted powers, restlessness, legal quibbling, and enlarging claims, on the part of the colony, and, on the part of the Proprietors, of arbitrary interference with affairs, incompetence to deal with a confessedly difficult situation, complaints, and intrigues. Through-

out the fifty years of proprietary rule, however, the colony relied upon the guarantees of its charter, whether as against the "Fundamental Constitutions" or against proprietary schemes in other forms, and learned to seek its economic and political safety in a strict interpretation of its charter provisions. Trained thus early in a strict-construction atmosphere, and maintaining at the same time a social life remarkable for self-reliance and solidarity, South Carolina gave to its political thinking a bent which was ever afterwards retained. It would be interesting to know how far this view of the historical origin of strict construction would be borne out by a study of the history of South Carolina under royal control—a study, by the way, which Mr. McCrady intimates his purpose to make.

We have called attention to these two points as prominent features of Mr. McCrady's book. The work as a whole is an exhaustive study of the period to which it is devoted, and in the field of American colonial history is fairly to be called a contribution of the first order. We can do little more than mention the other important matters considered. The position of the dissenters, especially during the famous attempt of the church party to override them and obtain permanent control of affairs, is lucidly explained, as is that of the Huguenots and the struggle for their enfranchisement. The peculiar importance of Charleston, as not only the seat of government, but as the focus and, to a large extent, the theatre, of its social and political life, centralized the interests and activities of South Carolina to a degree unknown in the other colonies.

"Until the immigration of the Scotch-Irish and Virginians into the upper country by the way of the mountains, from 1750 to 1760, the development of the colony was not, as in New England, from many and distinct settlements or towns, but from one point, the circle enlarging as the population increased, but always with reference to the one central point—the town—Charles Town. . . . For many years Charles Town practically embodied all of Carolina. Beaufort, the next town to be settled, was not attempted for more than forty years after the planting of the colony, and Georgetown not until some years later. Until 1716, elections were generally held in the town for all the province, and representation outside of it—that by parishes—was not practically established until the overthrow of the Proprietary Government in 1719. No court of general jurisdiction was held outside of it until 1773, over a hundred years after the establishment of the colony. There was only one government for the province, the town, and the church. The same General Assembly passed laws for the province, laid out streets, regulated the police for the town, and governed the church. Even after the colony had grown, and the upper country had been peopled from another source, every magistrate in the province was appointed in Charles Town until the Revolution of 1776, and after that, upon the adoption of the Constitution of 1790 and the change of the seat of government to Columbia, at that place. There was thus from the inception of the colony in 1665 to the overthrow of the State in 1865, for two hundred years, only one government in South Carolina. There was no such thing as a county or township government of any kind." (Pp. 6, 7.)

The account of the efforts to suppress piracy is one of the most entertaining parts of the volume. Mr. McCrady is particularly anxious to show that the pirates who for years infested the South Carolina coast, and whose suppression proved a work of such great difficulty, not only were not themselves South Carolina men, but, further, had

neither sympathy nor support from the people of that colony; and he objects seriously to the phrase "South Carolina pirates," as conveying an entirely wrong impression. With equal vigor, though, we think, with less success, he defends the colony against the charge of neglecting the interests of education in its early years. Finally, the steps in the transfer of the colony from proprietary to royal control are minutely traced, with especial regard to the condition of affairs in England, the attitude of Chief Justice Trott, and the legal questions involved.

Mr. McCrady has done his work so thoroughly, and, in general, so well, as to make one regret that he did not build on a somewhat broader plan. The defect of his history, as it seems to us, is its too exclusive devotion to political and legal matters. Undoubtedly the documentary sources on which he has mainly relied, and of which he has made admirable use, furnish much more abundant material in these directions than in others; from the standpoint of a well-rounded survey of the period, however, the space devoted to economic and social questions seems small. Occasionally, also, the mass of detail becomes somewhat excessive, and tends to obscure the main course of events. These, however, are by no means fatal weaknesses, nor do they detract seriously from the commendation to which the work is justly entitled.

We have noted a number of misprints, most of them, apparently, attributable to hasty proof-reading. The "General Assembly of the States" (p. 30) should, of course, read "State," as on page 31. Of misprinted proper names we find *Saye* for *Sayle* (p. 186, note), and *Spottswood* for *Spotswood* (p. 442, note). The Dorchester colonists are probably to be thought of as "threading" their way up the Ashley River, instead of *treading*, as on page 327. The witchcraft excitement in Salem was in 1692-93, not in 1691-92 (p. 451). Mr. S. C. Hughson, the author of 'The Carolina Pirates and Colonial Commerce,' has a particularly unfortunate time of it; for not only does Mr. McCrady object to the title of his monograph, but substitutes *Commons Journal* for it on page 586, assigns it to series 2, instead of series 12 of the Johns Hopkins Studies, in the same place; gives the author's name as *Hughuson* (p. 204, note 3), and transposes the initials in the index. The "Thomas Ash" mentioned on page 386 appears as "John Ash" in the index. The absence of a table of contents, and of any chapter headings except dates, makes the volume difficult to consult, notwithstanding the full index.

Introduction aux Etudes Historiques. Par Ch.-V. Langlois et Ch. Seignobos. Paris: Hachette et Cie. 1898.

This is a book which takes one back at once to first principles. It would form an excellent text for a long article in some quarterly review; an article conceived in the fashion of fifty years ago, when the writer's aim was not so much to criticize the work nominally under his hand as to express his own general notions on the subject. We do not mean to say that MM. Langlois and Seignobos furnish little substance of their own: their pages abound in ideas and in carefully considered statements about method; but by trying to define and fix the limits of scientific history, they disclose the whole question of what history is and is

worth. We cannot, of course, enter upon an academic dissertation here, and yet there is one obvious distinction which we should like to make. When the assailant of historical studies urges, let us say, Walpole's dictum, "Anything but history, for history must be false," or one of a dozen such flings, he fails to disconnect chronology from the analysis of motive and character, or from the delineation of a public policy. A vast body of fact about the past can be established on a basis so solid that your only sceptic will be one who is unwilling to admit the existence of matter. The Benedictines of St. Maur chose a most judicious title in calling their monumental work 'L'Art de Vérifier les Dates.' The best history of this class is impreguably founded. The Oath of the Tennis Court, the Declaration of Independence, the Revolution of 1688 are, as actual events, no more to be challenged than the truths of Euclid. In discussing them, to be sure, we are apt soon to get outside ascertained fact, we are apt to dogmatize too freely. Even so, is this vice not to be laid at the door of metaphysics? The moment a man begins to use the facts of history he passes into another province. In ceasing to be an epitomist he becomes a philosopher.

M. Langlois, who writes a necessary introduction, has small patience with the attempts of his predecessors in the exposition of historical method, *e. g.*, Droysen, Freeman, Tardif, and Chevalier. "Vous n'en extrairez, en fait d'idées claires, que des vérités évidentes par elles-mêmes, des vérités de La Palice." And soon after, in referring to them separately, Droysen's 'Grundriss der Historik' "est lourd, pédantesque, et confus au delà de ce que l'on peut imaginer. MM. Freeman, Tardif, Chevalier ne disent rien qui ne soit élémentaire et prévu." This criticism, however brusque, is at least open, and shows that its author puts forward his own treatise with confidence. Bernheim's 'Lehrbuch der historischen Methode' seems to be the nearest anticipation of this present product of the Sorbonne. Even Bernheim, by going too far into metaphysical problems, by passing too lightly over critical and practical questions, leaves something to be desired. MM. Langlois and Seignobos set before themselves a scientific goal. "Nous nous proposons ici d'examiner les conditions et les procédés, et d'indiquer le caractère et les limites de la connaissance en histoire. Comment arrive-t-on à savoir, du passé, ce qu'il est possible et ce qu'il importe d'en savoir? Qu'est-ce qu'un document? Comment traiter les documents en vue de l'œuvre historique? Qu'est-ce que les faits historiques? Et comment les grouper pour construire l'œuvre historique?"

The audience to which this essay on historical method is addressed contains, first and foremost, novices in historical composition; and the moral they will do well to draw from it is the old advice of the 'Ars Poetica':

"Sumite materiam vestris, qui scribitis, aequam
Viribus, et versate diu, quid ferre recusent,
Quid valeant umeri."

It is a common gibe that such students as find themselves unable to score a success in any other profession go into the church, and likewise, during those recent years since history has established its place in the arts curriculum, one has heard the hint that historical courses are crowded by men who follow the line of least resistance. MM.

Langlois and Seignobos are anxious to show that something besides memory and diligence are required of the historical tyro. They accumulate enough difficulties to impress the logic-chopper, perhaps even the mathematician, with the idea that some hard processes must be undergone before scientific history of the approved modern type is produced. One must distinguish, too, between instinctive processes and rational processes. "Les débutants et la plupart des personnes qui n'ont jamais réfléchi sur les principes de la méthode des sciences historiques, emploient, pour effectuer ces opérations [compliquées de critique et de construction], des procédés instinctifs qui n'étant pas, en général, des procédés rationnels, ne conduisent pas d'ordinaire à une vérité scientifique." All of which goes to show a doubting world that there is a scientific history quite apart from fine writing and from the habitual backing of one's party views through thick and thin.

Historical science, when a few more generations have rolled over its head, may develop a long terminology. Even at present it can appear at the assembly of foxes without having to lament the absence of a brush. MM. Langlois and Seignobos discuss "critique de restitution," "critique de provenance," "critique interne négative de sincérité et d'exactitude," "construction des formules générales," with the same precision which they would use in dealing with atomic weights. An experience of nearly a century in the application of criticism to the study and presentation of historical sources has something to show for itself, and were Gibbon to write again, even though he would have little to unlearn, he could gain a more rigid correctness by following the technical processes of modern erudition. Our professors of the Sorbonne furnish in compact form pretty much what one masters by rule of thumb in the better German seminaries, with this difference that pungency and a sense of style add considerably to the value of their teaching. Their matter is digested under the three heads of preliminary knowledge, analytical methods, and the steps in synthesis required by the preparation of a narrative. The second and third books, devoted, respectively to "opérations analytiques" and "opérations synthétiques," are the essential parts of the treatise. Did space permit we would gladly give an outline of the main propositions advanced, for they embody the rules of the historical game as at present played. They represent common sense added to experience and inspired by the love of exact truth. From the first chapter, on *Heuristik*, to the last, on exposition, an even standard of thoughtfulness and lucidity is maintained. MM. Langlois and Seignobos are depressing in their allusions to what purports to be the historical literature of the modern world. The writers of universal celebrity seem to be peccant almost without exception. "There is none that doeth good, no not one," is the feeling created. We gather that, after the work of erudition has been completed by thousands of self-effacing toilers, the time may come when a proper co-ordination will be possible. Over against this wholesome humility we would place the sound scholarship of the authors. The examples which they take to emphasize their points are numerous and selected from a wide area. They show, particularly, an intimate acquaintance with periodical litera-

ture and with the moot questions which have been threshed out by historians since magazines and monographs were multiplied.

Lord Acton, in his inaugural address at Cambridge, praises the robust impartiality which is not content with balancing party views against each other, but is willing to state an opponent's case more strongly than he would put it himself. Bearing in mind the rivalry of France and Germany, we have been curious to observe the attitude of scientific French historians like MM. Langlois and Seignobos towards their German *confrères*. "Robust impartiality" would lead them to illustrate historical vices by French, and historical virtues by German, examples. This they seem disinclined to do. Certainly no painful politeness is evident, and if the Germans, considering what they have done for historical science during the present century, receive fair treatment, that is all. Intrinsically, most of the criticism aimed at them is just. MM. Langlois and Seignobos might, however, have adopted a strain more in harmony with the principles of their work, by so couching their illustrations that the reader would never be reminded of any differences outside the domain of pure history.

Certain Tragical Discourses of Bandello.
Translated into English by Geffraile Fenton.

ton. With an Introduction by Robert Langton Douglas. 2 vols. London: Nutt. 1898. [Tudor Translations.]

These melancholy tales of Bandello, dealing with the calamities incident to the votaries of love, found, like the other Italian *novelle*, eager readers among the English of the Elizabethan age. They were put into French by Belleforest (whom every Shaksperian will remember in connection with "Hamlet" and "Romeo and Juliet"), who had a high opinion of his own literary gifts, and embroidered the simple style of Bandello with classical allusions, poetical flourishes, and other rhetorical tinsel. Belleforest's version fell into the hands of Jeffrey Fenton, who employed, as he says, some of his "voyed hours" in putting it into English. Fenton was a Puritan, and in his hands Bandello's tales became texts for copious sermonizing; so that, what with the pedantry of Belleforest and the long-winded moralizings of Fenton, the genial Milanese is "translated" much as Bottom was.

Like all the Puritans, the great Milton among the rest, Fenton has a low opinion of the female sex. "Women," he tells us, "have their being in this worlde for no other respect than to depende upon the will of men." They are "derived from the imperfection of men," and "ordained from the beginning to be their vassals." Should a wife

fall in awe towards her husband, he should freely use "the rodd of correction." He is, indeed, a most outspoken and conscientious wife-beater. We cannot, he tells us, begin too young with these perverse creatures—"these ympes," as he calls them, "who have follye tryed on their backes"; and those who have charge of "lytle girles" must often "minister to them the racke and tormentes of the rodde." As Fenton did not marry until pretty late in life, and then took to wife the widow of a bishop, one is a little curious to know how far he put his theories into practice.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Barnett, Edith A. A Champion in the Seventies. Chicago: H. S. Stone & Co.
Calderwood, Henry. David Hume. Scribners. 75c.
Dorr, Julia C. R. In King's Houses. Boston: L. C. Page & Co. \$1.50.
Goetz, P. B. Poems. Boston: R. G. Badger & Co. \$1.25.
Hainill, S. S. Easy Lessons in Vocal Culture. Easton & Mains. 60c.
Johnston, R. M. Pearce Amerson's Will. Chicago: Way & Williams. \$1.25.
Kahny, Ruth W. The First Quarter. Cincinnati: Editor Publishing Co. \$1.
Leonard, J. W. Best Things by Chauncey M. Depew. Chicago: A. N. Marquis & Co. \$1.
Mahan, Capt. A. T. The Interest of America in Sea Power Present and Future. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. \$2.
Norris, Mary H. The Gray House of the Quarries. Boston: Lamson, Wolfe & Co. \$1.50.
Page, T. N. Pastime Stories. Scribners. \$1.25.
Ruháiyát of Omar Khayyám. Translated into English verse by Edward FitzGerald. San Francisco: William Doxey. 50c.
Shaw, Bernard. Plays: Pleasant and Unpleasant. 2 vols. Chicago: H. S. Stone & Co.
Wheat in the Ear. By Allen. Putnam's. \$1.

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